SHORT STORIES BY WALT WHITMAN

WOODCUTS BY ALLEN LEWIS

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THE HALF-BREED

and other stories by

WALT WHITMAN

Now first collected by

Thomas Ollive Mabbott

Woodcuts by

Allen Lewis

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CONTENTS

Page	
11	Introduction
21	The Half-Breed, a Tale of the Western Frontier
79	Shirval, a Tale of Jerusalem
87	Richard Parker's Widow
99	Some Fact-Romances
107	My Boys and Girls

THIS VOLUME IS
RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY
▲ THE EDITOR ▲
TO CLEVELAND
▲ RODGERS ▲

INTRODUCTION

HE present volume contains a short novel and four sketches from the pen of Walt Whitman preserved hitherto only in the files of rare periodicals, and now first collected in book form. While these narratives belong to the period of the poet's apprenticeship—that long apprenticeship in newspaper and magazine work that went before the production of *Leaves of Grass*—and are therefore of secondary importance from a purely literary stand-point; yet so large a body of imaginative prose is of great value to the biographer, and to all who wish to study the growth of Whitman's genius and power. ☞ Four of the narratives were first published in *The Aristidean*, a monthly magazine edited by Thomas Dunn English (author of the famous song *Ben Bolt*) in New York in 1845. A search through most of the accessible biographies of Whitman does not show that anything is definitely recorded of his acquaintance with English; but since we know that Walt at one time wrote for a New York daily paper named *The Aurora*, and that English was for a while in 1844 its editor, we may suppose that the two had met by that year. Pretty surely there was some friendship between them, for when *The Aurora* was defunct, and English projected a monthly magazine, he was able to procure from Whitman two articles

for the first number, one of them the second longest story Walt ever wrote. And two more articles were forthcoming during the brief existence of *The Aristidean*. There is a mixture of tragedy and comedy in its history. Modeled 'with a difference' upon *The American Review*, a Whig journal, which began a successful career under the editorship of George H. Colton in January 1845, *The Aristidean* was intended to appeal to Democratic readers, as a high-grade, or 'five dollar a year' monthly magazine. But while the Whig magazine, which in its second number published Poe's *Raven*, was immediately popular, there was already a well-established 'three dollar' monthly, *The United States Magazine and Democratic Review* occupying the field English hoped to capture. The name *Aristidean*, hard to pronounce, and obscure in meaning, was almost as forbidding as Milton's *Tetrachordon*, and did not increase circulation. The story was brief enough. Poe tells it humorously in his article *Thomas Dunn Brown*, (as he calls English), in *The Literati*. He says English 'edited for several months, with the aid of numerous collaborators, a magazine . . . This work although professedly a 'monthly' was issued at irregular intervals, and was unfortunate . . . in not attaining at any period more than about fifty subscribers . . . [He] had, for the motto on his magazine cover, the words of Richelieu,—*Men call me cruel; I am not:—I am Just.* Here the monosyllables 'an ass' should have been appended.' Poe, writing thus reminiscently, indulged some obvious malice, for he had quarreled violently with English, but his estimate of the number of subscribers was perhaps not far from correct,

for the magazine is now one of the rarest of all literary periodicals. Because they believed, rightly, that Poe was a contributor to *The Aristidean*, several scholars searched diligently for it, but only three numbers in the Library of Congress, and a single issue in a private collection could be located. But recently a complete file, bearing a presentation inscription from English to General George P. Morris, author of *Woodman, spare that tree*, was found among the books purchased by the late George D. Smith, and has been acquired by a private collector. The discovery of the complete volume was very important, since the articles were not signed when the magazines were issued; but only in the index, printed with the last number, were there initials attached to contributions—initials in turn expanded on a page which English called *A Card*, expressing his thanks to his collaborators, which follows the Index, by means of which alone the contributions of Whitman were immediately to be identified. ☆ Most important of these contributions is the very long tale called in the magazine *Arrow-Tip*. If it was written with a purpose (the magazine was editorially opposed to capital punishment) Whitman touched but lightly on that purpose. But it is very valuable as showing how much Whitman had learned about writing a long narrative since he composed the chaotic *Franklin Evans*. It gives too, another proof of his fondness for Indian subjects, and indeed is the most important story in which he has put into practice his theory that the Indians and pioneers were very appropriately to be treated in the 'true and legitimate romance of America'. In Caleb the schoolmaster I believe we have a self-portrait of

the poet in his days as teacher of a country school. English printed the following note about the story:—'We must apologise to our readers for the length of the tale—*Arrow-Tip*—but we could not bear to cut it in two; and it was too good to be excluded.' *Arrow-Tip* Whitman reprinted as a serial when he was editing the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, where it ran through the issues of June 1-6, 8 and 9, 1846, under the title '*The Half-Breed; a Tale of the Western Frontier*; By a Brooklynite, after being announced in the issue of May 30th as follows:—'AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE. We shall on Monday commence the publication, on our first page, of an Original Novelette, a *Tale of Indian Life*, which we feel warranted in saying the readers of this journal will find of interest. The French and German daily press appropriate a regular department to reading of this kind, under the head of *Feuilletons*; and we think that that large class, of we hope we may say, our readers, the ladies and the young, must hereafter see that their taste is not forgotten in our editorial labors. Our object is, also, to make the department in question as *original* as possible, in the highest sense—presenting, mostly sketches, tales, etc. etc. on American subjects, particularly those relating to Long Island, and the neighboring section of the United States.' On June 1st Whitman had on his editorial page the following note:—'Reader! look on the FIRST PAGE of this number of the EAGLE, for the first part of an interesting Original Novel, 'The Half-Breed' etc.' It may be added that all this, coupled with the style of the story, led Professor Emory Halloway of Adelphi College to suspect the authorship of *The Half-*

Breed, but in the absence of direct proof he wisely omitted it from his two volumes of *Uncollected Poetry and Prose* of Walt Whitman, which, like the volumes of Walt's contributions to the *Eagle* called *The Gathering of the Forces* edited by Cleveland Rodgers and John Black, were of course issued long before the discovery of the writings now collected. Despite the length of *Arrow-Tip*, Whitman had another tale entitled *Shirval* in the March issue of *The Aristidean*; one of those Biblical sketches in prose which were so popular in the days of the Annuals. It is highly significant as revealing the writer's deep reverence for Our Lord, at this time as well as later; for, though Whitman did little save give a background, or setting, to the story of the raising of the widow's son from the dead at Nain, that reverence is apparent enough. To show just how much Whitman did with the story, we may quote at once the King James version of *St. Luke*, vii, 11-16. 'And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare *him* stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother. And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and, That

God hath visited his people'. In giving an Eastern atmosphere Walt seems to have taken some pains, and the names of the characters are, I am informed, more or less properly Semitic, though apparently not peculiarly appropriate or significant. The poet's good taste in varying the words of Christ scarcely at all, is manifest; and the foreshadowing of parts of the *Song of Myself* in the opening paragraph worth pointing out. The story of *Richard Parker's Widow* is avowedly a mere retelling of what has been told elsewhere, but it has been called 'admirable' by Poe. In his choice of subject Whitman showed that he was at the time a typical American journalist, ready to seize on what would probably please his readers. The mutiny at the Nore in 1797 stirred England deeply. Its leader had qualities to rouse the popular imagination, and a considerable body of literature has grown up about him. Several pamphlets appeared at the time of his trial—*An Impartial and Authentic Account of the Life of Richard Parker*, by a Schoolfellow, London, 1797; and two different accounts of his *Trial*, one published at London, and reprinted at Boston, another first printed at Manchester, all in the same year. Chapbooks, and at least one broadside on the Death of Parker appeared. The mutineer is the hero of a 'nautical drama' by William Douglas Jerrold, called *The Mutiny at the Nore*, first played at the Pavilion Theatre in 1830. T. Prest as late as 1851 in London published an historical novel called *Richard Parker*. There is much about the mutineer in W. J. Neale's *History of the Mutiny at Spithead and the Nore*—the modern historian might refer to the accounts in the *Dictionary of National Biography*,

and Conrad Gill's special study, *The Naval Mutinies of 1797*, published at Manchester in 1913—or the essay in Raymond William Postgate's *Out of the Past; some revolutionary sketches*, issued in 1922. But Whitman's source, which he follows very closely, is the article in Camden Pelham's *Chronicles of Crime; or, The New Newgate Calendar* (London, 1841). The American article, after the first paragraphs give the setting, does little save paraphrase this account—Whitman tells nothing that Pelham does not, and where Pelham is at variance with the early pamphlets, Walt is in agreement with Pelham. Of course this is in a sense acknowledged in Whitman's article, but in the notes a few illustrative passages are cited in this connection. Although it might be difficult to prove that Walt did *not* make a voyage to England when a very young man, it seems safe to assume in the absence of any other reference to the voyage, the poet merely strove to increase the verisimilitude of his narrative by telling it in the first person. There are several portraits of Parker—an engraving in the third volume of an 1811 *Newgate Calendar* (which does *not* contain much account of Parker's wife), is much like that which is frontispiece to Neale's volume above mentioned, and the fine woodcut by J. F. Harrabin in Postgate's book. The most curious portrait of Parker is that engraved from a 'Sketch taken as he lay in his Coffin at the Hoop & Horse Shoe Queens Street little Tower Hill' which adorns the *Impartial and Authentic Account*. Under the heading *Some Fact Romances* there appeared in the last issue of English's magazine, five short articles with a very brief general introduction.

Most of this material Walt used again in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and since it has thence been collected already, I am here reprinting only the Introduction and the new items. The most valuable is the shortest, perhaps, since it helps us to understand better a poem like *You felons on trial in courts*. Whitman shows no approval of the young thief's crime, but he did visit the friendless man in prison. After the discovery of *The Aristidean*, search of a New York weekly magazine called *The Rover*, edited by Seba Smith (the original 'Major Jack Downing') revealed a signed but uncollected Whitman contribution called *My Boys and Girls* in the issue of April 20, 1844. It is a rather formless article but there are portraits in it of three of Whitman's brothers who bore the names of Presidents—and the pictures of other early friends and relatives of the poet, not yet all identified, are yet of great interest to the future biographers of Whitman. The gentle wish that concludes *My Boys and Girls* was in a sense to be fulfilled—the reader may like to recall that Moncure D. Conway said after gazing upon Whitman in death, that his was 'the face of an aged, loving child'. My text of *The Half-Breed* is from photostats of the columns of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, made by the kind permission of Mr. H. F. Gunnison, president of the Eagle Company, and through the courtesy of Mr. Cleveland Rodgers. The variants of *The Aristidean* are recorded among the notes. The changes are so slight I believe that Whitman used the pages of the magazine with corrections as copy for the *Eagle* printers. It is notable that some of the changes are plainly for the purpose of greater simplicity or directness, and the elimination of the

conventional literary phrases Walt came so heartily to dislike. *Shirval*, *Richard Parker's Widow*, and *Some Fact Romances*, are from photostats of the privately owned complete file of *The Aristidean*; *My Boys and Girls* from the file of *The Rover* in the New York Historical Society. No intentional changes have been made even in spelling and punctuation, save for the correction of a few obvious misprints, which are recorded, like the variant readings. A few notes, at the end, give the authorities for my statements, and treat of various points not conveniently to be dealt with in this introduction. In conclusion I wish to thank sincerely those who have aided me in preparing this book—especially Mr. Herbert F. Gunnison and Mr. Cleveland Rodgers for permission to use the files of the *Eagle*. Also for many favors I am grateful to Prof. William P. Trent, Prof. A. H. Nason, Prof. Emory Halloway, Miss Mary A. Wyman, Miss Ruth S. Granniss, Mr. H. L. Mencken, Mr. Ralph Marcus, Mr. Nelson Nichols of the New York Public Library, and the authorities of the Library of Congress, the Brooklyn Public Library, the Long Island Historical Society, the New York Historical Society, the British Museum, and of the Columbia University Library, and the Columbia University Press.

T. O. M.

December 31, 1926

THE HALF-BREED

A Tale of the Western Frontier

Arrow-Tip

THE HALF-BREED

OUDLY rang merry peals of laughter from a group of children, of almost every age and size, as they emerged, one afternoon, through the door of the rude log schoolhouse, in the little town of Warren, a place situated on one of the upper branches of the Mississippi. Less than seven years previously, the site on which the dwellings of the Warrenites now stood, had been a tangled forest, roamed by the savage in pursuit of game. An adventurous settler purchased a few hundred acres there, and with some companions, took up his abode, and gave it the name I have mentioned. The place numbered nearly three hundred inhabitants. ☒ Loudly rang the laughter of the liberated children. Master Caleb, the teacher, stood in the door of his schoolhouse, and gazed with a cheerful smile upon their noisy merriment. He was a pale young man, from the East—and, because that his strength did not allow him to engage in the heavy labours of his comrades, (for in the West, all men are comrades) he gladly accepted an offer from the fathers of the village to take charge of the education of the small people. ☒ 'Hurrah!' said one harum-scarum young elf, who was running and tearing like a mad tiger, 'Hurrah! the master has given us a holiday, next Thursday, because he is going to Peter Brown's wedding! Hey! Hurrah!' ☒ 'But Bill!' said a larger

and more sedate looking youth, addressing the elf, 'Bill! be quiet, and don't act so foolish. Can't you see Mr. Caleb is looking at you?' 'Well,' rejoined the other, 'what if he—?' The sentence which the exuberant child was about to utter was cut short suddenly, by a loud shout from seven or eight of his companions. 'Boddo! Boddo!' they cried, 'Boddo is coming!' And they pointed with their mischievous fingers, to a turn in the road, at about ten rods distance, where a figure was seen slowly walking, or rather limping, towards them. More than half the party started off on a gallop, and in a few moments they were at the side of him who had attracted their attention. Boddo, as the youngsters called him—and that was the name he went by all over the settlement—appeared to be a man of about seven-and-twenty years of age. He was deformed in body—his back being mounted with a mighty hunch, and his long neck bent forward, in a peculiar and disagreeable manner. In height he was hardly taller than the smallest of the children who clustered tormentingly around him.—His face was the index to many bad passions—which were only limited in the degree of their evil, because his intellect itself was not very bright; though the sedulous care of some one had taught him even more than the ordinary branches of education. Among the most powerful of his bad points was a malignant peevishness, dwelling on every feature of his countenance. Perhaps it was this latter trait which caused the wild boys of the place ever to take great comfort in making him the subject of their vagaries. The gazer would have been at some doubt whether to class this strange

and hideous creature with the race of Red Men or White—for he was a half-breed, his mother an Indian squaw, and his father some unknown member of the race of the settlers. 'Why, Boddo,' said the elf, Bill, 'how-d'e-do? You lovely creature I hav'nt seen you for a week!' And the provoking boy took the hunchback's hand, and shook it as heartily as if they had been old friends forever. Boddo scowled, but it was of no avail. He was in the power of the lawless ones, and could not escape. 'What's the price of soap, Boddo?' said another urchin, pointing to the filthy hands and face of the Indian. And they all laughed merrily. 'Devils!' exclaimed the passionate half-breed, making an impotent attempt at blows, which they easily foiled; 'why do you pester me? Go!—go away—or I shall turn upon you. 'O, Boddo! dear Boddo! do not let your sweet temper rise!' said little Bill, and he patted the Indian on his head, as a man would do to a child. Boddo glanced *up* to him with an expression of hate which might have appalled any but the heedless one on whom he gazed. He turned round and round, like a wild beast in the toils; but wherever he cast his look, he saw nothing but villainous little fingers extended, and roguish eyes flashing. The poor fellow was indeed sadly beset, and was rapidly working himself up to a pitch of rage, which might have cost some of the thoughtless crew a broken head. At this moment, the tall boy who had reproved Bill in front of the school-house, came up, and, beholding the plight of the tormented one, offered his gentle interference. 'Boys! boys!' he cried, 'don't let us bother this poor friend of

ours any more. Come, now, are you not willing that he should go?' He paused, and it was plainly a doubtful case, whether his mediation would be successful. The boys had just come from a three-hours' confinement to their lessons, and they felt disposed for any thing in the shape of mirth. So, like a prudent arbiter, Quincy Thorne, the tall lad, offered a kind of compromise between both difficulties: 'I'll tell you what!' said he, 'Boddo shall say all about where he has been this afternoon, and what after; for I see he is just returned from a long tramp—and then we'll let him go. Hey, boys?' 'Agreed!' said the band. And the hunchback, garrulous by nature and glad no doubt, to be let off thus easily, at once commenced his recital—which we shall take the liberty, however, for our readers' sake, of giving in our own style: 'You know,' said he, 'of Peter Brown, the blacksmith's marriage, which is to take place soon. Well, even this could not be managed, it seems, without the help of Boddo. A marriage needs a priest—and hereabouts one of that kind is not often met with. Now I, who so love to see my neighbors happy,' the hunchback grinned, 'could not bear that the pretty sport should all be spoiled for want of a priest. And so—' 'Rather say,' interrupted the elf, Bill, 'you feared the loss of some drinks of rum, and meals of pork, you had set your heart upon getting at the wedding.' Boddo snarled at the saucy boy, and continued: 'And so I said to Brown, that my worthy teacher and friend, Father Luke, the Lonesome Man, at Oak Creek might be brought hither. They say he is a priest; one not exactly of the right sort to suit the people here, per-

haps—but when the nearest town is distant a three days' journey, we are not apt to stand on trifles. This priest, then—this Catholic monk, I think, he calls himself—being the only one near at hand, and even the place where he lives not known to many of the people, Mr. Peter bid me go and seek him out, and deliver to him a message, written on paper. More than ten hours have I been wandering up and down the banks of the river, and through the wood, to discover the house of the Lonesome Man. I, Boddo, to whom every tree in the forest, I thought, was known—and every dent in the shore—and every swamp and thicket—could hardly find that place. Not that I have ever taken pains to search for it before; for I defy any of you—the cunningest boy of all—to hide a dead squirrel within five miles, where I shall not ferret it out—so well do I know every spot. 'Well, after a long time, and when I had more than once thought of giving up the search and coming back—which I might have done, had I not reflected on the disappointment to Mr. Peter and the rest—what should——' 'Don't lie, Boddo,' interrupted the elf, again, 'you can't deny it was the fear of the trouncing you might get—and nothing else—that made you keep on.' The group did not laugh at this sally as at the former ones—for they were anxious to hear the end of the story. 'What should I see, as I came out of a thicket, about two hours' walk from here, but Father Luke himself. He was standing on the bank, at a high place and looking down into the stream—quiet as one of the trees back of us. I approached, and told him my errand. 'Though I knew not his residence, we

were old acquaintances in times by-gone; so I thought it strange that he should start, and tremble like a frightened girl, before I spoke a word. He took my letter—and then asked me into his hut; for it was near at hand. He led the way and I followed. A few rods brought us to the side of a crag, all covered with bushes and hanging trees—he parted them at a place where not one eye out of a thousand would have suspected aught else than the brown ground to lie underneath—and we were in a room, dimly lighted in some way from above, whose sides were stone and dirt, half hidden by some few domestic utensils.' ✡ 'There stood a table in the middle of the room, covered with books and paper. He sat down there, and, taking a pen, told me he would write an answer to the request I brought. In a few minutes it was ready. He put before me some drink and meat, and then, though he spoke not, I saw he wished my departure. Carefully noting the place, as I emerged, in order that I might tell it again, if occasion required, I bent my steps homeward.' ✡ 'And now you have all of my story—and I must go, for it is time Peter Brown received his answer.' ✡ The children made no opposition to his departure, with the exception of little Bill, who gave Boddo an extra pinch, and a stout pull of the hair, ere he scampered off to engage in some new mischief. ✡ The house of Peter Brown was situated at one end of the village —a pleasant place, where the beams of the sun, of a clear day, dazzled the gazer's eye, as they were reflected from the stream. Peter, contrary to the advice of his neighbours, had, in clearing up his land left a number of the finest trees standing close to his

dwelling—which divested it of that rather disagreeable aspect of newness which a lately settled town almost invariably possesses. The house, too, was of a better build and material than most of its fellows; it was of logs, to be sure, but it had a number of good glass windows, and two tall chimneys, and doors which swung on hinges, and fitted tightly. The blacksmith lived in it now alone. A day or two more was to see him with a companion, however—and that companion, a wife, the daughter of a respectable man, of his own grade in life. Some three or four rods distant, on the other side of the road, was the shop of the blacksmith, with its smoky fire, and bellows, and the anvil which every morning was heard to clink with rapid and ponderous blows. Leaning idly on the handle of the bellows, stood the master of the establishment himself. He was a stout, well-made, strongly-jointed young man, with light hair, and clear grey eyes.—Though not what is called handsome, he was far from being ill-looking. His lips were beautifully cut, and his neck might have been taken by the most fastidious sculptor as a model of that part of the human form in some fine work of art. What were Peter's thoughts about? Nothing more or less than *love*. He had despatched Boddo many hours previous, and he feared the malicious creature had forgotten or disregarded the duty—and would not perform his bidding. A dozen times during the half hour, would he step to the door of his smithy, and strain his gaze to catch any glimpse of the returning hunchback—and in vain. When at last he beheld his messenger, and looking into his face, saw the

expression of one who returns to a master with news he is sure wlll be pleasant—he forgot his determination to wring Boddo's neck, and beat him with a bar of iron, and so on—and eagerly demanded the result of his mission. The Hunchback told the story which the reader has already heard—as related to the school-children—and then gave to Peter the note which had been sent him from the monk. Impatiently breaking the seal, and opening it, the blacksmith read as follows: '*In answer to Peter Brown, the Blacksmith.* A wretched man has come to me with a demand that I should perform the ceremonials of marriage between yourself and a maiden of your town. The messenger explains that no holy minister of heaven, of your faith, is at hand—and entreats me, in your name to refuse him not. I am a Catholic monk—for reasons of piety and choice, holding myself aloof from any communion with my kind. But in this matter, though a strict interpretation of my priestly allegiance might keep me from granting what you ask—uniting two members of a church we condemn, in bonds of marriage—I have thought fit, taking all things into consideration, to do as you desire. On the morrow, I shall visit the village, and will hold further conference with you on the subject. THE MONK' 'A plague on the roundabout way of his saying Yes!' exclaimed the blacksmith, with a laugh: 'as if it made any difference whether our fathers sat in a meeting-house, or heard mass before papal altars —in such a case as this!' Then briefly informing Boddo that as he had been faithful and successful, he should be rewarded still farther, the happy Peter gave

him a small coin, and prepared to shut up his shop, for the purpose of walking over, and telling the news to the family of his intended bride.

End of Chapter One

ASTER CALEB, the teacher, as usually happens in schools, had his favorites and his more especial likings, among the young flock whose education he controlled. Of all the rest, Quincy Thorne, the tall gentle boy, was the one whom he loved, and whose company he preferred. Any other choice would have created some envy and jealousy—but all the children themselves were attached to the teacher's favorite, and gladly yielded to his good fortune without demur. It happened on the Thursday, when Peter Brown's wedding took place, that Master Caleb and Quincy stole away from the revellers in the middle of the afternoon, and took a quiet round-about stroll, bringing up, at last, at the dwelling of Quincy's father. The whole family had gone to the wedding —as in fact had all the inhabitants of the village, old and young; for the generous-hearted blacksmith would have it so—and the house was therefore quite deserted. The boy and the teacher took a seat on the door-step in front, and gazed at the pleasant prospect before them. A little and verdant grass-patch, only, intervened between them and the river,

which the dwelling fronted toward. They amused themselves by watching the gambols of the water-fowl, wild, but with their wings clipped, and thus partly domesticated; and by counting the various objects that glided along the stream—logs, and torn-up trees, and now and then a fish leaping above the surface. 'Master Caleb,' said the boy suddenly, 'is not that the figure of an Indian yonder on the hill?' He pointed as he spoke, to a spot forty or fifty rods distant, on the same side of the river where they were seated. 'It is indeed,' answered the teacher, 'and he is coming this way. Poor fellow! he seems worn and sick.' As the figure advanced, they had full leisure to survey him. He was one of the finest specimens of the Red People—or rather had the evidence of having once been so—for his gait was now slow and uneven, his eyes dim, and without brightness or glitter—and his cheeks sunken. 'It is Arrow-Tip!' said Master Caleb and the boy simultaneously, as they had a review of the savage; 'it is our old friend, Arrow-Tip!' Quincy rose from his seat, and stepped toward the new comer with words of welcome. He led him to the door, and into the house, and bade him rest himself. The Indian took these little kindnesses with the apathetic method of his race. It was plain, however, that they could but be acceptable to him—for he gasped with pain and exhaustion. 'We have not seen you here in Warren for many weeks' said Caleb, after a pause, 'and you are ill, it seems.' 'I am,' replied the savage: 'A dull-heat—like the air of your iron-warmed rooms in the settlement—fills me from head to foot. Strength has gone—

and Arrow-Tip might be beaten by a young boy.' ☒ 'How long has this been?' inquired Caleb. ☒ 'It first came,' was the answer, 'when the buds started on the trees. Now the forest is all green and dark with leaves.' ☒ 'You have a fever,' said Master Caleb, 'which I dare say some trifling medicine from our common physic-chest, in the land agent's room would cure at once.' ☒ Arrow-Tip made no reply. ☒ 'Surely,' said young Thorne, looking at the worn moccasins upon the feet of his guest, 'surely you have not made this journey from your dwelling alone? Where was your brother, who ever came with you on your former visits?' ☒ The dull eyes of the Indian glanced devoutly upwards: ☒ 'He who is your Great Spirit and ours,' said he, 'lives in the still forest, and was with the sick chief. My people knew not of my coming—none but my brother's wife, to whom I confided my purpose, lest they might think evil had befallen me. I had heard that the white man knew a hundred remedies for ills, of which we were ignorant—ignorant both of ills and remedies. The love of life was strong in my soul. I could not bear to pine away, as a tree whose trunk has been grilled by the hatchet. I felt my arm, and said to myself, perhaps in the village of the pale-faces, there may be something that will bring back its thickness and its nerve. In the night, when all were sleeping, I came out from our lodge, and bent my steps toward your town. The sun is now on his third journey over our heads, since I started.' ☒ Both Quincy and the teacher felt their sympathies strongly enlisted for the unfortunate savage. The boy assured him ,that he might no doubt be welcome to stop

with them, as at home, for a season, during which all should be done for his recovery. And Master Caleb averred that Ezekiel Barrett, the store-keeper of Warren, had in his youth spent half of an apprenticeship with a New-England apothecary—and would probably be able to tell all about Arrow-Tip's ailing, and what would effect his recovery. Toward night-fall, when Mr. Thorne and the members of his family returned from the wedding, it was readily arranged that Arrow-Tip should remain with them, as Quincy had suggested. 'Shame were it to me and my wife,' said Thorne, 'did we let one who has saved a life very dear to us, ask shelter here, and be refused.' And he looked at his son Quincy, while he spoke. Master Caleb saw that something, which had taken place in former years now served as a memento of good-will between the settler and the chief. He made inquiry, by a glance toward Thorne. 'Yes,' said the latter, 'we have indeed reason to be grateful to this sick man—for many years ago he saved Quincy's life.' And he told the teacher how it had happened.—It was before they came to live in Warren; for their acquaintance with Arrow-Tip dated many years back. The child, then small, was swept away by a freshet in a river, and Arrow-Tip had dashed into the foamimg waters, and brought him safe back again. As may readily be supposed, Thorne and his family were unbounded in their expressions of gratitude—and through all the future years of their existence, never lost an opportunity of showing that gratitude. Arrow-Tip—as he was called in the figurative style of his people—though possessing now but little

of the power of a chief, was descended from the sachems of his tribe. He and a younger brother, named from his swiftness the Deer, frequently had intercourse with the white settlers of that region in the way of trade. They brought the furs and skins collected by their people, and exchanged them for powder, blankets, hardware and other things which habit had made necessary to them. The Deer generally accompanied his brother on these excursions. The two loved each other—for they were the remnants of their family, and had none else to distract their affection. Boddo, the hunchback, had a claim also to be considered as indirectly of the same tribe with Arrow-Tip and the Deer. But no one knew exactly his relationship; and few thought it worth investigation.

End of Chapter Two

WEEK must have passed away since the events of the last chapter. In the course of that time, another personage had arrived upon the stage where our little drama is being enacted, the village of Warren. This personage was Arrow-Tip's brother, the Deer. Informed by his wife of the course intended to be taken by the sick chief, a few days after the departure of the latter, and thinking of a thousand mishaps that might possibly befall him on the road, the Deer

filled a pouch with food, strapped his bow and quiver on his back, and commenced a rapid progress toward the settlement. He arrived in time to witness the favourable change in Arrow Tip's illness, which was but the precursor of still more improvement. It needed, indeed, but that he should continue a few days longer in the hospitable house of Thorne, and under the medical auspices of Master Caleb and the storekeeper, Barrett, to have his health and strength wholly restored. One morning when Mr. Thorne came in to partake with his family of their early meal, he looked disturbed and somewhat agitated. To the inquiries of his wife, he for a time returned no answer. 'But I don't know,' said he at length, 'why I may not as well inform you of the cause of what moves me. For two or three mornings past, on going as I usually do at daylight to take care of my cattle, and feed them, I have missed something from the storehouse where I keep my grain and farming utensils. Occasionally I find merely that matter not very valuable is taken away; but, then, again, an article of great use to me is stolen. I certainly have no idea who is the thief; but it becomes us all to be on the look-out, and see if we cannot discover him.' It was a painful thing for Arrow-Tip, who sat in the chimney-corner, while Mr. Thorne was speaking, that the eyes of nearly every one in the room, with the exception of Thorne, himself, and his eldest son, were turned upon *him*. He was too proud to answer any suspicions; and he moved not or spoke under their gaze. 'This morning,' continued Mr. Thorne, 'a large piece of bear-meat, which I purchased yesterday

of a man sent here by Boddo, and which I intended for our dinner today, is taken off—where and by whom, it is impossible to say.' Again were the eyes of the group directed toward Arrow-Tip. The savage was deeply pained, but, as before, he evinced it by no sign. In truth, the suspicion, if any such were harboured, was unjust, and in no small degree unreasonable, from the nature of the articles purloined. They could have been of no value to the Indian, unless he sold them, and that were a difficult undertaking, without risk of discovery. Arrow-Tip rose and left the room, uttering not a word. For the first time, Mr. Thorne reflected on the grief he must have inflicted by his remarks. With true good taste, however, he forebore to make the matter worse by attempting an apology. He bade his children abstain in future from any allusion to the subject, and particularly any sign that they looked upon Arrow-Tip himself as an object of doubt. In the course of the afternoon, Peter Brown, the lately married blacksmith, came over to Thorne's to speak of a contemplated hunting party the next day, in the forest. 'I am told,' said Peter, 'that there is a fine herd of deer which some of our folks have several times seen in the neighborhood of Oak Creek. What say you? If the day be fair, will you join us?' 'Certainly,' was Thorne's answer; 'and our friend, Arrow-Tip here, shall make another of the party, if he will.' 'The chief,' rejoined the one last spoken to, 'will be glad to go.' Quincy stood near while this conversation was taking place. 'Father,' he said, 'do you not remember your promise that I might hunt with the next party?'

Thorne smiled upon his eager boy, and assented. So it was arranged that soon after sunrise they should all start together—a number of the men from neighboring houses having agreed to join them. As Arrow-Tip retired that evening to a kind of out-house, where he slept, Thorne would have had him, on his first arrival repose in the main dwelling, but the savage pertinaciously refused Quincy tapped him on the arm, and bade him, with a smile, be up in time. 'And lest I should oversleep myself,' said the boy, 'come to my window, which opens on the river, and knock upon it to wake me.' It were hardly amiss to guess that the dreams of the young hunter that night were interwoven with huge buffaloes, and springing deer, and mighty bears, in most admired confusion. Arrow-Tip rose some time before daylight. He pushed open, a small, swinging door, and stood a few minutes gazing over the river, in the direction of his distant tribe. His thoughts were with them—with his brother, whom he expected to visit him that day, the Deer had his abode at a dismantled hut in the neighbourhood of the village, and with his far off friends. Of a sudden, while his gaze was thus fixed, he saw a figure stealthily stepping, or rather crawling, through the farm-yard, toward the building used by Thorne for a granary. His sight convinced him that it was none of his host's family; the figure was smaller than Quincy or his father, and much stouter than any of the younger children. The savage immediately remembered what had been said respecting the thefts, the preceeding day; and he felt sure that he should now be able to clear up the mystery, and also remove

any doubts that might have been held, respecting his own integrity. The Indian silently drew back into the shadow and watched the figure. Like a thief, indeed, did it move, and directly toward the door of the granary—which it opened and passed. Arrow-Tip cautiously emerged from where he had been standing, and favoured by the shadow of a huge tree, he stood near the door which the figure had entered, and waited his coming forth. He had not to wait long. With the same halting and stealthy gait, the thief appeared directly, staggering under a bag, borne upon his shoulder, and evidently containing grain. When he had got a couple of rods forward, Arrow-Tip sprang upon him, as a cat would spring on a mouse. 'Now!' said he, 'who comes forth like an owl in the night, to take his brother's goods? —I have him!' A dismal howl sounded out from the startled thief, and he struggled to get free—but his struggles were useless. Arrow-Tip held him with a grasp of iron, and dragged him to the dwelling of the family, where he knocked loudly. Not many moments elapsed before Thorne and his people, disturbed by the racket, came rushing together into the porch in front. Arrow-Tip, in brief terms, explained the matter to them, and shoved his prisoner toward them. 'As I hope I may shoot a deer to-day!' said Quincy, with a loud burst of laughter 'it is no other than Boddo!' The boy spoke truth, indeed. The mischievous and now detected hunchback stood before them.—He hung his head in stupid obstinacy, and spoke not a word in excuse for his crime. 'It is very wicked,' said Arrow-Tip as he stood with folded arms, and a flush of shame passed over his

face, 'and it sickens the chief's soul, that one who owns blood of an honest tribe, should be caught thus!' Boddo looked up, and scowled on the Indian with a furious expression of deviltry and hate, that plainly said he would lose no convenient opportunity of revenge, if such occurred. 'Come! come!' said Mr. Thorne. 'Though I did not expect such conduct, even from Boddo, I am willing to let it pass. We all know the infirmity of the poor fellow —and I dare say this will be a salutary lesson to him. Come! we forget that to-day we hunt the deer. And our breakfast is to be prepared, and a dozen matters attended to yet, which we had best set about immediately!' As the hunchback turned from the spot, to walk away, he cast another glance at Arrow-Tip. It was full of malice and hate. But the chief did not deign to heed it by the slightest notice. He calmly set himself about the necessary business of the hour.

End of Chapter Three

HO could be more happy than Peter Brown's bride? She was a young and handsome woman, possessed of much good sense, and a strong faculty of making people become attached to her. On no occasion was this latter trait illustrated more pleasantly than in the intercourse and friendliness between her husband and herself on the one part, and him who has been spoken of in a

preceding page as the Lonesome Man, on the other. Ever since the hour when the monk, or Father Luke, as he was also sometimes called, united them in marriage he had apparently found a new impulse to be sociable, by visiting the house of the blacksmith. There was considerable of mystery about the character of the holy man. No one knew his life. Sometimes he would be absent for months, and then would suddenly appear in his rude dwelling once more, as if returned from a distant journey. It was generally supposed that in these intervals he went away to the convents of his brethren in Canada. No one sought to pry into his designs or wishes. Yet he was by no means of an austere disposition, and might probably have answered their questions, had they seen fit to proffer any. But in the west, where every one is in some degree or other an adventurer, few wish to investigate the former history of their neighbours. Inquisitiveness does not prevail there, as in some other sections of our republic. Much more frequently than before, as has been intimated, the monk now sought communion with the villagers, and most of all the Browns. On the day of the hunting-party, he came there, and though Peter himself was absent, he was invited by the young wife to rest himself, and remain and chat with her. So kindly were her requests proposed, and so yearning, if the truth be told, were the Lonesome Man's wishes for some kind of companionship, that he made little demur to accepting the invitation. The hours passed on quite pleasantly—each mutually entertained with the presence and cheerfulness of the other. 'Father Luke,' said the hostess, after a

long pause in her conversation, 'I know you will not be offended, if I tell you I have wondered how you can be comfortable in that cold cave of yours, where they say you reside.' The monk smiled quietly. 'I have long learned,' said he, 'to be content with coarse fare and coarse accommodation. It is part of the duty of such as I.' 'And were you always content?' 'Not always,' was the subdued answer. The monk saw that his companion would probably have spoken further, had she not feared intruding on his wish for concealment. 'Daughter,' said he, 'perhaps I have been looked upon, by the good people hereabout, too much as a being of mystery. I have little that I wish to conceal. I will, if you have patience to bear it, tell you my story. Some few items, your own good sense will inform you, it were better to pass no further.' The young woman was certainly not so far superior to the foibles of her sex, as to turn away from any thing in shape of a secret. She made a gesture of assent, and the monk proceeded: 'I was born in a country town in Ireland. My parents were in the humbler walks of life, and of all their children I alone received what might be called a respectable education. Even in my early boyhood, I was destined for the church. 'When I was about eighteen years old, my mother died—a sad loss to us all. A year passed away, before the end of which, my father finding the cares and troubles of his family to press heavily upon him took unto himself another wife. 'I had a sister—a lovely girl, some two years younger than myself. My sister possessed in her character some of the most excellent, as well as some of the weakest propensities of her sex. She

was capricious and headstrong—but tender, and very affectionate. Her beauty gained her many suitors—whom her whim induced her to discard, as they were generally of our own lowly condition. 'One summer, there came to reside, for a few days, in our village, a citizen named Arnold. It was a dark hour for poor Mary, when he made his entrance there. He was handsome, fascinating, and a confirmed rake. 'They met—this man and my sister. Arnold saw what a prize the place had hitherto unconsciously contained, and determined to win it. Ah, if she would but have taken warning—for she *was* warned! 'To make the tale short, Mary, refusing to hear the advice of her well-wishers, received Arnold to her love. He protracted his visit to many weeks. Before he returned to the city, he added another to his *triumphs*. My sister fell! O, when will the false tone which pervades society, make it needful to hold beyond the pale of its promiscuous communion, the man who acts as Arnold acted? 'But what am I saying? From whom could such sentiments come with more ill grace than me—*me*, who have been guilty of a similar, and even worse, course of conduct! 'A few months passed on, and my sister's frailty could no longer be concealed. Our step-mother was a severe woman. Her cold and haughty looks, and her sharp taunts, drove poor Mary almost insane. My father, too, when he knew his daughter's disgrace, expressed a determination to cast her off forever. Had our own mother been alive, the case would no doubt have resulted differently. *She* might have stormed for a time—but at least the fatal termination which, as things were, came to pass, would have been pre-

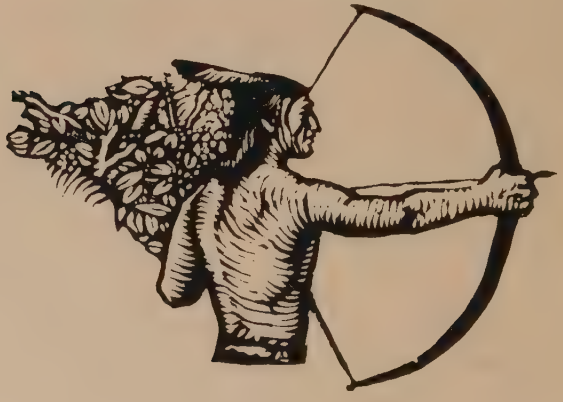
vented! 'One day my sister was missing. She had decamped in the night, and no doubt was wandering about homeless and shelterless. We caused search to be made, which, at the end of a couple of days, ended in the discovery of the lost one. She was completely deranged—and, when found, was seated upon a bank in a wide forest. She died within a week from that time. 'Death, they say, blots out all misdoings. We were all grieved and agonied at the fate of our hapless Mary—but none with that passion which filled my own bosom. I pondered, night and day, upon the wickedness of her seducer, Arnold. A hundred schemes for revenge were fixed upon in my mind, and then abandoned. 'Happening to go, about this period, upon business in a neighboring city, I was accidentally called upon, at my lodgings, by an itinerant teacher of sword fencing. Suddenly, a new method of vengeance struck me. Upon the instant, I engaged the man to give me lessons. I applied myself diligently to my new study, and within a short time had the satisfaction of hearing my teacher pronounce me one of the most proficient pupils he ever had. I challenged Arnold to combat. He accepted my challenge. 'Perhaps you may wonder that in view of the profession I intended to follow, I should have thought fit to act thus. I was blinded by my hate for my sister's betrayer. I was engrossed by no other thought than that of revenge! 'Arnold met me, as I demanded. Whether it was that a just cause nerved my arm, or that his was powerless with conscious guilt, I know not—but he fell. When I left the place of the fight, he lay there a stiff and senseless corpse! 'My antagonist had relatives and friends

of rank; and it was plainly dangerous for me to remain in Ireland. I gathered together what funds I could raise on so sudden an emergency, and fled. I directed my course to this general country of refuge for the oppressed and the unfortunate, America. ☒ 'Good daughter I am now coming to a part of my fortunes which I must fain hurry over with a rapid and casual narration. ☒ 'My desire for adventure led me West—even to this region, which at the time I speak of, nearly thirty years since, was far more wild and uncultivated than at present. A party of hunters and traders with whom I travelled, encamped on this very spot during one entire winter. We were in the neighborhood of a tribe of Indians whom they wished an opportunity of extended intercourse with, in the way of traffic. ☒ 'There was a young maiden of the tribe of——. Bah! why does the tell-tale colour rush up into my face, and mantle it with the hue of shame! ☒ 'An Indian girl, who visited our camp now and then, saw something in the young Irishman that awoke in her breast the flame which burns as brightly in the midst of the great new world forests, as in the populous places of the old hemisphere. She loved me—and I—I had nothing to interrupt the tedium of our long stay. We were both with the hot blood of young veins. At the coming of the spring, I left the place. ☒ 'Some four or five seasons afterward, I came hither again. They showed the child of the Indian girl—my son!—I almost shrieked with horror at the monstrous abortion! The mother herself had died in giving it birth. No wonder. Never had my eyes been blasted with so much ugliness as that hunchback boy! ☒ 'Daughter, that child even

now moves among you, an object of pity and disgust. Can you wonder when I tell you it is no other than the half-idiot, half-devil, Boddo? 'My wild and wayward course of life, for the next few years, I shall not pause to dwell upon. 'In the course of time, a poignant sense of my ill deeds, and a sickened feeling of the vanity of all human enjoyments, led me to take the vows of the order I now form an humble member of. 'One of the rules of our rigorous piety is, that a full and open confession of any sins that lie upon the breast, shall be given ere a man can become one of our community. By the advice of my superior, and prompted too by my own conscience, I have been aware that the least return I can make the wretched Boddo, for having been the author of his existence, is, to do my best toward opening his mind to the blessing of the True Faith. 'For this purpose I come every few months hither. I have laboured diligently to educate and imbue with devout feelings the unfortunate young man—but his besotted nature and wilful peevishness lead me to believe that my labours will too probably be in vain. 'Your look seems to ask me why I do not take him to a more congenial region for giving him the benefits of religion. Of what use would it be?—Now, no one knows the degree of relationship that exists between us, except yourself, and my holy intimates. Boddo, himself, is, of course, totally ignorant of it. 'Leaving the matter in the hands of Providence, and painfully conscious that naught which I could do, would benefit the condition of the poor creature —I have made up my mind that when I leave this place, as I shall shortly do, to return to my convent

and my brethren, it will be to spend the rest of my days there, and to see this spot and my miserable offspring no more.' ☆ Toward the latter part of Father Luke's narration, he had been somewhat interrupted by sundry distant shouts, and sounds of tumult. Mrs. Brown, deeply interested in his story, had paid but little attention to them—but now the clang came nearer and nearer, and loud and agitated voices sounded out in the road near the door. ☆ A moment longer, and the door opened quickly, and a man, the elder brother of the young wife, rushed toward her with his face very pale, and every sign of horror and agitation. ☆ 'O, sister!' he cried, 'Peter Brown is murdered, in the forest, by the Indian, Arrow-Tip!' ☆ The startled woman looked a moment in his face, as if to assure herself that she heard aright. She saw crowding in at the door, and out upon the road, the forms of many of the neighbours. Then all swam before her eyes, and she fainted in her brother's arms. ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

End of Chapter Four



UST out from the village when the hunting party started that morning, they had been joined by Arrow-Tip's brother, the Deer. He, accompanied by a favourite dog, was watching the evolutions of a large bird that lazily skimmed near the surface of a cascade near by—a charming spot, that, were it in the neighbourhood of our eastern cities, would be visited by thousands for its beauty. 'Call the dog from me, brother,' said the Deer, 'he frightens the bird.' Arrow-Tip did as he was desired. The party had passed on, bidding the two Indians to follow. And the chief sat himself down a moment, at the foot of a large tree, and waited till the successful aim of the Deer should bring the bird to the ground. One hand grasped his hunting-bow, and with the other he caressed the dog. The plot of the narrative makes it preferable not to detail minutely here all the events that took place during the day. One of those events—a startling and bloody one—has already been intimated to the reader, at the conclusion of the last chapter. Soon after Arrow-Tip and the Deer came up with the rest of the party, whom they found proceeding onward with light and buoyant steps—they all arrived at the destined point of their enterprise. It is usual in such cases for a band to be sub-divided into smaller groups, each having its section, or look-out spot. The animals to be hunted are thus encompassed and met at every turn, and seldom fail of becoming, sooner or later, a prey

to the sportsmen. ☆ 'I think,' said Mr. Thorne, 'it will be the best for Quincy to come with my party. Arrow-Tip, suppose you and Peter Brown take the Bend at Oak Creek for your station?' ☆ 'That will suit me,' answered the blacksmith. ☆ Arrow-Tip also expressed his consent to the arrangement. ☆ Four or five other groups, of two or three in each, were despatched to their various posts—and the business of the day soon commenced in good earnest. ☆ It was fine sport—and the young villagers of Warren, in this case, found their labours attended with that alternate good and ill-fortune which makes such amusement more agreeable even than a continued current of success. ☆ A hunt in the western forests! To those who have tasted of the fun, and know its pleasures, we need say but little! With the great woods all about, and no sign of man's neighborhood except the cheerful voices of your companions; with the wide, solemnly wide, stretching of unpeopled territory to a distance which it would take the journey of months to compass; with the blue sky overhead, clear, and not murky from the smoke of a million chimneys; with that strange, and exhilarating, and pervading sense of *freedom*, which strikes into all your sense and body, as it were, from the illimitable, and untrammelled, the boundless nature of every thing about you—is it not a right manly and glorious sport? There are no appearances of the artificial about such a hunt—no park walls and no cultivated and regularly-laid-out grounds to be crossed. It is all nature—all wild, beautiful, and inspiriting business, which no systematic chasing of a poor deer, within

fences, and by trained packs, can equal! One week of such fine and wholesome recreation would do more good to our enervated city gentry, than a hundred gymnasiums, or all the medicines of the drug-shop! During the morning, and the earlier half of the afternoon, the various groups of the party saw each other at intervals; and those who had been most successful threw out merry gibes against their less fortunate companions. The day advanced, and the sun wanted but a couple of hours to his setting. Mr. Thorne, and one or two others, who, being the elder and more experienced, had, by general consent, been called upon to act as leaders of the party, began to think of collecting their scattered forces and returning homeward. It was at this period that the following incident happened—casting a gloom over the occasion and throwing the whole of the village, when it became known, in a paroxysm of agitation and horror. Two of the hunters, young men who had come out with the rest of the party, had to pass, on their return to the general rendezvous, near the station assigned to Peter Brown and the Indian. The young men made themselves a rude raft, and were floating down the river toward their destination —for this was an easier and more agreeable method of travelling than breaking their way through the thickets of the forest. As they came off against the mouth of Oak Creek they heard sounds of human voices in the wood, in loud and angry talk. They paused and listened. They soon distinguished the voices to be those of the blacksmith and Arrow-Tip. From where they were situated, the hunters

could not distinctly see the quarrellers—but the latter were within a few rods, and their voices, and much of what they said, might be easily heard.—Brown was plainly wrought up to a high pitch of passion, and swore most terribly. Not many moments elapsed before the two men upon the raft were convinced that the dispute had ended in a scuffle. Fearful that some more than ordinary harm might be the consequence, they seized their poles, and rapidly pushed the raft to the shore. Upon landing there, to penetrate the wood, and reach the place of the combatants, took them but a few moments. They started in alarm as they came in close view of the spot. No scuffling or angry words were there now. Brown, the blacksmith, lay upon the ground with a heavy gash on the side of his head—and Arrow-Tip stood leaning calmly and sullenly against a tree. 'Good God!' exclaimed one of the intruders, 'he has murdered him.' They stepped quickly to Brown's prostrate form, and raised him up in a sitting posture—but it was too late. All sense was gone, and they saw that what they could do to restore him, would be of little avail. Horror-struck at the terrible nature of the whole affair—the impulse of both the men was first to fly the place and bring some of their companions.—Then a very natural sentiment of indignation arose in their bosoms towards the murderer, who stood there with so much apathy. They feared that if they left the spot, he would escape. 'Chief!' said he who had first spoken, 'you have done a dammed action—and must go with us to answer for it!' Arrow-Tip made no sign of repugnance. Had he done so, indeed,

the result might have been somewhat unfavorable to the others. He was a strong and agile man, and held in his grasp the gun which they recognized as belonging to Brown. Once only, as a remark was passed between them, about the propriety of binding his arms, the savage looked towards their faces with a glance which caused them to desist from their intention. Arrow-Tip then, as they signed him to follow, walked after them. He spoke not a word, and offered nothing in the shape of remonstrance, excuse, or justification. Ere they left the ground, one of the hunters took a blanket, which he happened to have with him, and threw it over the senseless body. It was to be there but a few minutes—when they would return, and bear it to the village, in company with the criminal, whom they desired first to place in security.

End of Chapter Five

ETURN we to the scene of the conflict, and to the senseless body. The hunters were mistaken in supposing it dead. Though severely injured Brown was not deprived of life—the blow had stunned him, and the loss of blood had made him faint. Some fifteen minutes elapsed, and the flickering consciousness of existence came back to the wounded man. It came at first, painful and dream-like—then fuller

and with more distinctness. When he awoke to a knowledge of his situation, and realized why it was that he lay there with a bloody gash upon his temple, and his hair clotted, and his limbs quite nerveless—he remembered the altercation, and the blows passed between himself and the Indian. Cooler in temper now, he thought of twenty little things wherein he had been in the wrong, and he determined to make up the quarrel, the first time he and the chief met. He shut his eyes a moment, conscious of a drowsy and disagreeable sensation. What impish creature was that who met Brown's gaze as he looked again? The leaves and the twigs crackled, and a form which mocked the outlines of humanity bent over him. It was Boddo. 'Hah!' said the half-breed, an expression of dissatisfaction settling upon his face; 'is he alive?—I thought the blow had killed him outright!' And a second time, and more plainly, disappointment was evinced upon his features. 'How came you here?' said Brown in a weak voice. 'I saw it all,' answered the hunchback, chuckling. 'O, I saw it all. I have followed him—curse him forever! since the morning; and I thought he had killed you. Don't you call that murder?' The wounded man made a sign of assent. 'And then he would have been hung! O, that it might—' Boddo paused, for he saw he was going too far. He had a species of cunning, not withstanding his natural dulness—and that taught him, on the present occasion, to repress the remarks he was going to make, nothing more or less than sorrow because the savage had not indeed made himself amenable to the severest punishment of the law. 'I am

as weak as a baby,' said Peter. 'O, what would I give for a drink of cool water, and a quiet rest of an hour or two! And a spasm of agony passed over the countenance of the speaker. He was evidently under much suffering. 'There is a place,' rejoined Boddo, 'nearer at hand, perhaps, than you imagine, where you might get what you wish.' The blacksmith looked up with a mute glance of inquiry in the other's face. 'Yonder,' continued Boddo, 'where you see the crooked oak, is the cave of Father Luke. I have been there, and know the spot.' 'Help me thither,' said Brown, 'and when I am taken home, I will remember your kindness.' He slightly raised his body, and waited for the hunchback's further assistance. 'See!' said that malicious personage, grinning, 'how important is your Boddo, in cases of extremity! All along, no people care for him, except to mock him, until they are harmed, and then they ask his aid.' Brown, had he possessed his strength, would have found a summary way of replying to the provoking speech; but he was now fain to submit, and silently wait his pleasure. The hunchback bent at the side of the blacksmith, and assisted him to rise. It was hardly until that moment that Brown felt how much injured he had really been. He could hardly hold himself up—and he shivered with a chill, and felt deadly sick. So with slow and unsteady pace, leaning upon Boddo, and often stopping to rest against the trunk of a friendly tree, he traversed the few rods which intervened between the place of the quarrel and the rude dwelling of the Lonesome Man. Boddo parted the shrubs around its entrance, and showed his companion the method of the safest

ingress—for, either by accident or from its occupant's labour, there were certain thorny plants, and various twistings, and dark turns, which required some heed to tread uninjured. When they came into the room of the monk, they found it untenanted, without life or noise. They saw from the appearance of things that its dweller had probably left it that morning and no doubt would be back ere long. 'Take that vessel,' said Peter, faintly, pointing to a large tin cup which hung on the wall, 'and bring me some water, from the nearest spring. I am dizzy and thirsty.' Boddo did as he was desired; and the sick man threw himself on a heap of bear skins that lay in one corner. He felt strangely, and miserably.—Perhaps, even now, the death Arrow-Tip had failed of inflicting, might not be far distant. He would have given half his little estate, had he been at home, and with his wife to soothe his sickness. The indolent half-breed, loitering on his way to the spring, notwithstanding the emergency of the time, heard a step along a path near by, and, turning, saw Father Luke wending his way with hasty strides, and agitated features. 'Know you aught of this terrible business, my son?' said he, addressing Boddo, with a title which the poor wretch little knew his right to, in a worldly sense, as well as from the usage of the church.—'They tell me in the village that Peter Brown is murdered by Arrow-Tip!' 'What they say in the village is often false as true,' replied Boddo, with a sneer. The monk saw that the hunchback could relate more of the business—and a hope sprung in his mind that he should perhaps hear a refutation of the fearful rumor. 'Good son,' said

he, 'do not tamper with me. Describe what you may of the matter, at once.' ☐ 'Well, then,' continued the other, 'the plain truth is, that the Indian would have killed Peter, and did so try. But Peter, having a very thick skull, his life was saved. I saw it myself. They came and took Arrow-Tip away; and probably have him at the village, at this moment, where——' ☐ 'I know that,' interrupted the holy father, impatiently; 'I am just from Warren myself, and know all about that. Tell me where is Brown now?' ☐ 'Seeing the poor fellow in such distress,' Boddo went on, 'though to tell the fact, he did not know it himself for quite a long while—I, with my usual good kindness, walked round him and round him, and prayed for his recovery.' ☐ The hunchback leered. ☐ 'Blaspheme not!' said the monk, sharply. 'Hasten with your narration, and use no more such wicked ridicule!' ☐ 'Shortly he came to himself, and I have taken the liberty of showing him the way to your luxurious dwelling, where he is at this moment reposing. Being dry, he wished a cup of water, which I am now to bring.' ☐ 'God in heaven be blessed!' was the fervent ejaculation of the monk, as he heard Boddo's recital. 'The curse of the Avenger of Blood will not fall on the chief's head—and the misery and crime be saved!' ☐ Then bidding Boddo make speed, he turned toward the cave with a lighter heart. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

End of Chapter Six

ETER BROWN was indeed much injured. When the monk looked upon him he saw that it would be dangerous to have him carried the distance between the cave and the village. Father Luke, as is frequently the case with those of his profession, had considerable knowledge of surgery and medicine—and he determined to tax that knowledge to its utmost for the benefit of his guest. He prepared a simple plaster, and washing the wound, bound it round the blacksmith's head. Some cooling drinks were then given him, and he felt less faint. 'Tell me,' said he to the monk, 'what was done in the village, where you say you heard of this silly matter.' Father Luke thought the talk might wile away his patient's thoughts from his suffering, and he readily acceded to his request. 'You may imagine,' said he, 'with what horror we first heard the story of your death, and in such a manner. Your poor wife, with whom I had been for a couple of hours, was like one distracted—and wished at once to start forth for the scene of the calamity. We of course prevented her, for that would have done no good, even had the case been as bad as was stated. 'Shortly, on going into the heart of the village I saw the hunting party themselves. Arrow-Tip was there, in custody between two of your neighbors, of whom I inquired more particularly with respect to your death. They stated that it was too true—that

they had themselves seen your corpse. From what Boddo there has told me, it must have been while you were lying senseless after the blow. Bitterly grieving that such sad things should disturb the happiness of our peaceful settlement, I questioned the men over and over again with regard to the details of their story. But they told that story with evident truth—and I could not but believe them. 'It was hastily arranged that a party should be immediately despatched for your dead body. And in the mean time Arrow-Tip was to be strictly guarded and prevented from any chance of escape until proper measures could be taken for his punishment. Judging from the fierce glances of your neighbors towards him —and their strongly-uttered sentiments of revenge— the poor Indian's fate, had you indeed been killed, would have proved quite as painful as yours; and, indeed, he would have followed you before many hours. A band of six are to keep watch day and night, in the strong room where he is confined.' Painful as was the situation of the blacksmith, he could not help feeling some sympathy for Arrow-Tip, to whose proud nature he knew the scoffs and threats of the villagers would be scathing agony. Confinement, too, even for a few hours was a terrible infliction to such a being as the Indian chief—apart from the disgrace—which in itself, was no small matter. 'Let Boddo go at once to the village,' said the blacksmith, 'and tell the truth of the story. And I would not have my wife come hither, at least at present—for I think of no good she can do. Now let us talk no more; for I feel a strange drowsiness all over me, and would sleep. Tell me, Father Luke, how long do you

think will be the duration of my illness?' 'That,' answered the monk, looking reverently upward, 'is in the hands of God. But judging from the best of my knowledge, I may be able to recover you in three days, so that you can travel to your own house. At present you are not fit to walk a rod. At this very moment you are falling into a fever which will require all my watchfulness. Now, my son, compose yourself to sleep.' Drawing down a rude curtain that served the double office of door and of shade—if the latter were needed in so obscure an apartment—the monk took Boddo by the hand, and stepping into the outer part of the hut, gave him his directions and his message and bade him hasten to the village. The hunchback sullenly listened, and made no rejoinder, as he started forth on his errand. Then softly stepping in again, the Lonesome Man took his seat beside the blacksmith, who already slumbered. He saw that his patient would indeed need his closest and most unremiting care. Let us go with Boddo toward the village. Why as this hapless creature arrived beyond sight of the entrance to Father Luke's dwelling—why did he stop, and gaze cautiously around a moment, sit himself down upon a bank, and remain there a long hour apparently buried in the profoundest meditation? What thoughts passed through the miserable young man's brain as he rested there? What strange wishes, or petty resolves of evil, or hopes for revenge? In the early light of that very day, it will be remembered, the hunchback had been detected by Arrow-Tip in the theft, and exposed before all of Mr. Thorne's family. Boddo, used as he was to all kinds of scorn and insult—had times when

the bestowal of such insult would plant itself so deeply within his breast that it could never be blotted out, but by signal revenge. Once he was known to have kept for nearly two years, the memory of a blow given him by a boy, and taken vengeance for it, at last, by destroying a pet dog of his young injurer. Another time when refused by an irritable dame a drink of water, he, ten months afterwards, frightened the woman half to death, by wrapping a white garment around him, and starting out before her as she returned home alone one evening from a tea-party with some of her gossips. Numerous were the instances in which he would suddenly verge from his sometime patient endurance of contempt—such as that related at the opening of this tale—and resolve upon a signal scheme of retaliation. The present case as he turned it over in his mind, might afford him an opportunity of repaying Arrow-Tip for the shame of the event of the morning.—The chief was now in custody in the village, and according to Father Luke's account, surrounded by those who had little good-will toward him. Boddo felt sure that the course of "justice"—were the people allowed to remain with the unquestionable belief of Peter Brown's death—would neither be very lenient, nor wait very long to be carried to its consummation. Suppose he should *not* do his errand, as enjoined upon him by Brown and the monk? The monk himself, in all probability, would be unable to leave the cave to visit the village—and they had desired him to request the absence of the immediate friends of the blacksmith. Would not his revenge then triumph? The malignant hunchback laughed in his heart, as he

determined upon carrying out his plan. He rose, and with the swiftness of a deer, more than that of man, he soon gained the neighborhood of the village. Within a hundred rods or thereabout, of the outermost house, Boddo beheld a party of eight or ten men approaching him with sedate and gloomy demeanour. Among them was Quincy Thorne.—They paid no attention to the hunchback, although he was directly in their path. But that personage, suspecting their errand, determined on accompanying them. He attached himself to Quincy, entered into conversation with him, and walked on with the rest. 'You have seen the body you say?' asked the boy, in rejoinder to something the hunchback was telling him; 'and you are sure it was quite dead?' Without design, Quincy looked full into the other's eyes. Boddo, resolute and impudent as he was, could not stand that gaze. His countenance expressed something from which young Thorne strongly judged he knew more of the matter than he felt disposed to tell. 'It was cold and stiff as a nail,' answered Boddo, 'and I was frightened, and run away from the place.' Less than an hour brought them to the limits of the spot. The two hunters who had heard the conflict, and carried Arrow-Tip to the rendezvous a prisoner, were with them, and pointed out the way. How were they amazed upon coming to the exact place, to find the blacksmith's body missing! There were tracks and signs of a struggle—and the blood lay thick upon the leaves where the hunters told Brown's body had been—but the corpse itself was no where to be seen! For a minute or two they gazed on one another, without knowing what

to do or say. 'Comrades!' said one of them, suddenly, 'a new light breaks upon me. We all know that the brother of this cursed Arrow-Tip is near at hand. He was with us in the hunt. Without doubt he has concealed the body, in the hope to give the murderer a chance of escape from justice!' The glances which, from each to his fellow, followed this opinion, showed that every one assented to it.

End of Chapter Seven

N MANY of the towns to the west and south, it is well known, the punishment of crime is without the delays and necessary forms, and statutable restrictions, of our older cities and states. The only law, in fact, to some of the more remote of these places, is public will, and public feeling—a dangerous state of things in a large and vicious city, but far from being attended with the evils which many people imagine, when exercised in the places we allude to. At all events, it is better to be under this sovereign and self-constituted power, than to have no law at all. When the men returned to Warren that evening, with the strange news of the disappearance of the corpse—the same sentiment prevailed among the villagers which has been mentioned in the concluding lines of the last chapter. It served perhaps to deepen their indignation, and make them

anxious for a more hasty retribution on the head of him who was considered as the murderer. ☆ 'Let us,' said they, 'let us not wait, in this affair, and give the savage a chance of escape. But let us act as determined men, and have blood for blood!' ☆ The watch, that night, had been arranged for six persons, who were thought a sufficient surety that Arrow-Tip could not get away. But so sanguinary was the spirit of the inhabitants that half the young men in the place turned out, and surrounded the strong room, where the prisoner was confined, lest some little opportunity might occur, which would lead to a failure in the fulfilment of their gloomy purpose. ☆ The brother of Arrow-Tip, the Deer, appeared among them. As he approached, they lowered fierce glances upon him, which he returned not.—He made a simple request to be permitted to see Arrow-Tip—which they at once, and without parley, refused. He turned and calmly left the place. One or two among them spoke of the propriety of placing the Deer also in durance—but this, upon further cosideration, was abandoned. ☆ No one knew the thoughts of the imprisoned chief, that weary night, but his Great Spirit. He spoke not to those about him—preserving a calm and lofty aspect, and making no answer to their scoffs and taunts. ☆ Day came again. They found him—when they went in the room, at the first streak of light, impelled by a feverish jealousy lest he might still have evaded their vigilance and got away—they found him standing there still, and silent and haughty. His hair, part of it, had fallen down over his forehead and his eyes. He was too abstracted, even, to lift his hand, and push it away. ☆ The

morning meal which they gave him, he partook of in moderation. And as the people of the place—men, woman and children—came during the course of the forenoon, to gaze in upon him, as upon some strange monster, brought from a distant clime—he preserved the same attitude, and even brushed not the hair away from his eyes where it had fallen again. About an hour past noon, three of the oldest men in Warren, (the oldest of the three was but five-and-forty years) made their way through the crowd, and came in apparently upon important business connected with the prisoner, and his crime. 'Chief!' said the leader of the trio, 'it is needless for us to tell you why you are confined here, and what may be the nature of the punishment for the deed you have committed.' Arrow-Tip glanced upon them with apathy, and made no reply. 'Chief!' said the first speaker, again, 'it is ill that you act so obstinately—and preserve this childish silence. A grown man should not be stubborn like a dumb brute that has no knowledge.' 'It is not ill' said the savage, quietly; 'I am silent, because I have seen no fit occasion to speak. What would you have me say?' 'My companions and myself have been sent hither' answered the other 'to learn from you what you can tell us of the quarrel and fight which ended so fatally.' Arrow-Tip paused a moment, in thought. Then waving his hand toward the door he said, 'I have little to tell, but let it be told to all—not to three only. Let me speak to your brothers and kinsmen also.' 'As you desire,' was the reply. One of the the three opened the door, and gave some directions to a person without. They then

emerged, all together, and walked onward to an open green, on one side of which was the school-house, and on the other the church. It was a kind of public assembly ground, and there four-fifths of the people were at that moment gathered. As Arrow-Tip, in company with the three, approached this, what was to be in some sense his tribunal, there was a silence throughout the whole spot, and all eyes were directed toward him. He told his story. It was a plain tale—and bore not strongly either toward his guilt or innocence. Brown and he, as most of those present knew, had been despatched together to the Bend station. In the course of the day, they were frequently seen, like the others, and had themselves seen the others. When they first arrived at the station, (we are giving the substance of the story of Arrow-Tip himself) the chief made a banter with the blacksmith, that the latter would kill no game. In a merry vein, he bet his tobacco pouch against a rude kind of weapon, half-hatchet and half-poinard, that Brown had made himself, and then carried in his girdle. The day passed on, and it was plain that the chief would in all probability gain his wager.—Brown was a man of considerable heat of temper, and his ill success in the sport, and the laughing gibes of Arrow-Tip—(for it is an error to suppose that our American Indians invariably retain their sedateness)—caused him to become more than ordinarily fretful. At last the signal for their return to the rendezvous was heard, and they prepared to obey it—carrying nothing to the common stock. The chief still continued his provoking raillery, and the blacksmith was rapidly losing all command over his passions.

It was at this unfortunate juncture that Arrow-Tip was heedless enough to attempt seizing the weapon at Peter's girdle, which was now become his prize. The difficulty merged at this point into a scuffle, and in the scuffle the blow was given, which was supposed to have caused the blacksmith's death. Thus the chief concluded his story. He himself entertained no doubt that Brown was dead. But when told that his brother had taken away the body, he made no answer but a glance of scorn. Of all those there convened, one only, the hunchback, Boddo, knew the full truth—and could have set the whole matter right, and the prisoner free, and poured joy into the hearts of the wife, and Brown's friends, had he so chosen. But he did not choose. A short communion took place between the men of Warren. There was no judge, and no jury.—Each grown man was admitted to the conference, and listened to with respect. For each knew that the present case was a matter which touched the happiness and interest of his neighbor as much as himself. Perhaps the time which was consumed in this deliberation upon the fate of the chief, might have been an hour, perhaps less, certainly not more.—Reader, such deliberations, and such methods of administering justice may perhaps appear to you as fictitious—and part of a tale of fiction. It is not so. There may be found, in the region of the scene of these transactions, many a place where the same course is held in criminal cases. And it may be doubted whether, after all, the result is at the risk of being more inconsistent with justice than in courts of law in our Atlantic towns. 'Chief,' said the one who had acted as messenger two hours

before, 'we look upon you as guilty of murder. We shall take your life for that of our brother. We shall kill you. To-morrow, when the sun is at the highest, you will look for the last time on the light!' Arrow-Tip's countenance changed not, nor did his lip quiver. One passionate wild glance only he cast around him, as if in quest of his brother or of some look of sympathy. He found neither.

End of Chapter Eight

A! HA! HA! HA!' came the children's laughter. It was a simple, and yet awful commentary on the dispositions of human hearts—that laughter! For the merry tones were the same to all appearance, which had been uttered several days previous, when Master Caleb gave his flock a holiday, for Peter Brown's wedding. This second laugh, and just as gleesome, commemorated the bestowal, that morning, of another holiday, for the hanging of Peter Brown's murderer. The day was warm and sunny. A languid breath of wind, now and then, fluttered the leaves of the trees—but for the most time, the sun shone down as upon a sleeping and lifeless place. Even the laugh of the heedless children soon hushed, of their own accord; for a sombre spirit pervaded the people of Warren—a resolute spirit, however—resolute to have the life-blood of him who had taken life. Let us open the

doors of the strong room and go in there. Arrow-Tip stood against the wall, by a window—it was the only one, and a little child's body could not have been twisted through, so small was it—and gazed forth upon the land, and the trees, and a small strip of the bright river beyond.—He could see only a small strip—but it was pleasant; and many minutes glided on as he gazed. Haply, he pondered upon scenes and people far away in the early years—scenes not to come any more, but which it was a great delight to think of. A smile passed over his face then. The sounds of talking outside, and something like disturbance, interrupted the chief's meditation. His brother, the Deer, entered and stood before him.—They had consented to let him pay this visit, at last. Mr. Thorne had interceded in his behalf. For several minutes neither spoke. Arrow-Tip himself was as calm as the most placid lake in the forest,—but the features of the other were convulsed in agony. 'Brother!' said the chief, with dignity, 'I see the eyes of our parents looking down upon us.—Very soon I shall talk to them. They will ask me of news about my brother. Let me not say, I left him weeping like a girl!' His remonstrance produced the effect he wished. Shortly, the face of the Deer was as calm as his own. 'The path,' said the new comer, 'will be dark, and the white man's taunts hot, for the last hour of a warrior's life!' 'I can bear both,' was the laconic answer. 'And *my* path,' plaintively continued the younger brother, drawing nigh, and resting his face on Arrow-Tip's shoulder, 'as I look forth upon the passing of the moons—is bitter and lonesome, not for an hour, but for years. O, brother,

the Great Spirit has frowned upon our race. We melt away, like the snows in spring.' 'It is the will of the Spirit.' 'Yet I am glad,' continued the Deer, true to the instincts of his people, 'I am glad that you die like an old brave! We will laugh in the very faces of the whites.' Arrow-Tip smiled, quietly. He, too, had been bred in the school of those sturdy stoics. 'Death is but a puff of air,' said he, 'and in the distance lie the Green Hunting Grounds of the honest Indian. They are fair. Our kinsmen beckon me to them with smiles and friendly gestures. Why should I fear to go?' 'But the tidings will cloud the faces of our tribe in darkness.' 'Tell them,' rejoined the chief, 'that I met my punishment as a hunter grasps the hand of one he loves. Tell them of the customs of these white people—our own are the same—which require of him who destroys one of their number, his own life as a sacrifice. When I came hither, not many days since, I was near to death, even then—and my fate would have happened to me, but for the medicine-knowledge of two or three kind men of the settlement. Brother, wait till the last is over, and then carry me away a little distance from the sight of these people's dwellings, and bury me with my face toward the Pleasant Hunting Grounds. Let us talk no more!' The courage of the younger Indian failed him at this speech again. The piteous sight of a man abandoned to the excess of sorrow, is fearful at any time. It could not but be doubly so, in the present case, from the general apathy and haughtiness of the savage character. It was now ten o'clock, and the sun stood high in the heavens. On the green where Arrow-Tip had received judgment,

the day before, the people of Warren were assembled again to witness the performance of that judgment. While they were waiting thus, some of them chatting in groups, and others vacantly gazing at the rude scaffold and rope—Quincy Thorne came hurriedly in among them, and inquired for Master Caleb, the teacher. Finding him, the two drew aside from the mass, the boy leading his companion. They conferred together a few minutes, with much animation and many gestures of wonder—and then both hurried away toward a path which led from the village along the river's edge. We will pause here a moment to explain. Two of the school-boys who had received their permission of a holiday that morning, determining to enjoy it to the utmost, agreed to take a ramble in the forest, on some juvenile project or other, which they might do, and still return in time to behold *the sight*—as they termed the event of the day. Unconsciously, in their wanderings, they came upon the very opening where Brown and the chief had fought. The sudden recollections brought up by seeing the place, and the blood which was even yet visible on the ground, frightened one of the children: and in their hasty retreat from the spot, how much more were they alarmed on gaining the banks of the stream, to see, reclining there in the sunshine, the shape of the now wan and pallid-faced Peter Brown himself. To their horrified imaginations, it was the spectre of a murdered corpse. They ran, pale and breathless, toward the village, and meeting Quincy there, told him with gasping voices, what they had witnessed. The youth lost not a moment in seeking out his friend, Master Caleb, and in conveying the informa-

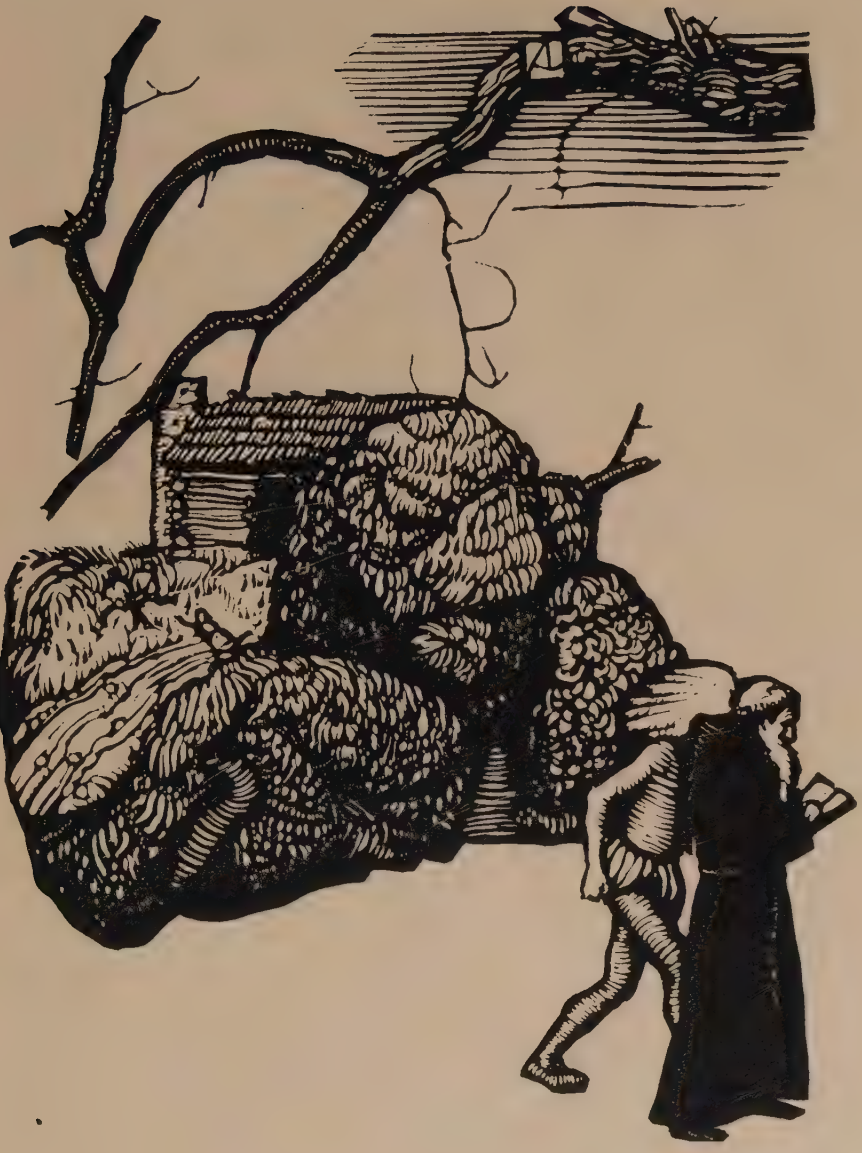
tion to him. Joined with the strange manner of Boddo, and with Quincy's previous strongly entertained suspicions, the teacher and his young intimate had no doubt that the case was, as it in truth was, and as it has been related to the reader.—They immediately determined on their plan of action. Meanwhile, Brown, wondering that some of his neighbours had not at least called at the cave to see him, was importunate with the monk that he might be allowed to walk home. Solitude had few charms for the blacksmith, whatever Father Luke thought upon the subject. As he returned to the cave from the idle lounge in the sun, where he had unconsciously so alarmed the two school-boys, he again asked the monk when he could safely walk the distance of the village: 'Though judging by the cool kindness of my friends,' said he, peevishly, 'it will make little difference if I remain away for months.' 'Patience my son' said the holy father; 'tomorrow I will myself accompany you thither. As yet your strength is hardly equal to the task.' And the invalid though ill-satisfied was forced to be content. 'But, see!' exclaimed the monk, 'as if to reprove you for your ungrateful vexation, yonder come two of your townsmen—and with a pace which speaks little of indifference for your company.' The two were Master Caleb and Quincy Thorne. It would be superfluous here, were we to dwell on the rapid and graphic narration of the visitors to Brown and Father Luke. With a flushed cheek, and without speaking, the blacksmith snatched up a blanket—the blanket the two hunters had thrown over his senseless form in the forest—and strode forth

from the cave. At about the same period when the teacher and his companion first appeared to the sight of the monk—the self-appointed guard opened the doors of the room where Arrow-Tip was confined, and bade him come forth. He did so, and his brother with him. What wondrous power those rude savages have over the expression of their features! The condemned Indian, you might have thought, was starting upon a hunt, instead of marching to an ignominious death! The other, also, had mastered his agony once more. They passed through the multitude, and the chief stood upon the scaffold. O, God of the Innocent! throw strength amid the sinews of that sweaty-faced man in the forest, who, with strained eyes, and unsteady steps, is dashing through the tangled shrubs and the thick underwood—whose thorny and jagged branches have wounded him in many places, though he sees not the trickling blood, nor feels the smart! All around the scaffold were the dogged and lowering countenances of men—telling of an unrelenting purpose, and of no hope. It was a strange spectacle. Those hewers of the forest—and even the women and children, had gathered there—and the lofty bearing of the chief—and that, still more difficult to uphold, calm aspect of his brother—and all this in the bright glare of a noon-day sun—and the spot, far, far away from the bound of the cities—may it not well be called a strange spectacle? They arranged the last dread and sickening preparations, immediately preceding the death of criminals by that awful method. Could it be that high heaven should look down and see this unjust doom consummated—and

not interpose? No sound disturbed that horrible silence, except the shuffling movements of two men, to whose lot it had fallen to act in the execution. The men started at the noise they themselves made —for it seemed unnatural, and struck upon the ear with a strange vibration. O, what a quiver was that which ran through the limbs—and, as it were, the very souls—of all those assembled thereabout! It was followed by *perfect* silence. Wo-hoa-a! —Wo-hoa-a!—came a faint and hoarse shout from a bend in the road, at some thirty rods distant. Very faint and very hoarse it came. *It was too late!* Then, with wild and ghastly visage, and with the phrenzied contortions of a madman in his worst paroxysm, Peter Brown dashed along the path and among them. His blood-shot eyes were fixed upon a hideous object dangling in the air. He rushed up to the scaffold—but his limbs failed him, and he could not ascend the ladder. His head vibrated to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock, and he beckoned and tried to speak, though for several moments they could not hear what he said, or rather tried to say. 'Quick! Quick!' came at last from his throat, in a gasping whisper; 'cut the rope, he may not yet be dead!' It was all too late. Three days after these events, a pilgrim traveller might have been seen, wending his way through the regions of the west, toward the north-east. He was not unaccompanied. An Indian, who seldom spoke, and over whose face a gloom and wildness were spread, trod at his side. They were the monk, called in this narration Father Luke, and the miserable brother of Arrow-Tip. —An aged and gentle hearted friar,

some few years after, was laid away to his last repose, beloved of his fellows; and at the same time, many hundred miles distant, an Indian leader, the remnant of his family, led his tribe still farther into the west, to grounds where they never would be annoyed, in their generation at least, by the presence of the white intruders. Scorned and abhorred by man, woman, and child, the half-breed, through whose malicious disposition the fatal termination took place which has been narrated, fled the settlement of Warren. Whether he perished in the wilds, or even now lives a degraded and grovelling life, in some other town, no one can tell. Master Caleb has risen in his fortunes. As the extent and population of the town wherein we have introduced him, increased, it was thought fit to have an incorporated academy. Master Caleb is at the head of it. Quincy Thorne, a popular and intelligent young man, whom they think of holding up as a candidate for a respectable legislative office, still keeps communion of friendship with his early and excellent teacher. Peter Brown, although he has quite a family of little children, finds time, now and then, to utter eloquent homilies in praise of the young political aspirant—than whom he thinks no one is more worthy.

End of Chapter Nine



SHIRVAL

A TALE OF JERUSALEM

SHIRVAL + A TALE

ARTH, this huge clod over which we tread, enwraps the lost outlines, the mixed remains, of myriads of human forms that were once as we are now. Nor is the truth a stale one, old as it may be. Also, it is a beautiful and solemn truth. ☒ Those buried men and women lived and loved—wrought and grieved, like us;—had their crimes and their agonies, as the living now have. Death came to their dwellings and struck down those for whom affection was strong. Anger and hate and pride, three wicked ministers of unhappiness, held sway over them;—love and charity, too, stole into their hearts, and found a home there. And thus they were, and thus they passed away.—O Earth! huge tomb-yard of humanity! if the brown pall under which are hidden the things of old ages—of ancient generations—of the men who have been folded in thy recesses when thyself wast in the earlier life—if that far-stretching pall could be removed, what eye might look unquailed on the awful wonders of the scene! ☒ Let me go to times and people away in the twilight of years past. It is the pen's prerogative to roll back the curtains of centuries that can have a real existence no more, and make them live in fiction—pleasing thus, and, haply, fostering thoughts which the moralist would smile upon. Such are among the sweetest rewards of us humble bookmen, whose spur comes in

the hope that we may gain, not alone for our frail paragraphs, some passing thought of friendliness to ourselves, from a portion of that outer world we love so well. ☙ Very beauteous was the coming of the sun, one day, over the cities of Judah. The tops of the mountains, which received his first warm kisses, smiled down upon each neighboring valley; and the Israelites and dark-eyed women went forth to their tasks with cheerful hearts. The dewy grass, and the olive trees, glittered as with countless diamonds. All nature was glad like a laughing infant. ☙ But in a street in a city of Nain stood the house of tears —the house of the widow Unni, whose son, the preceding night, had been forsaken, by the angels of Life, and now lay a cold corpse in the inner chamber. And there came a young Jewish maid, early in the morning, and went into the chamber. Her cheeks, as she walked through the fresh air, were like the roses of the plains of Sharon; but when she passed the portals, and entered, and saw the dead man, her face imaged the colour of ashes, the emblem of mourning and decay. The maid was Zar, the beloved of Shirval, the widow's son. Her mission was to inquire about his illness: she found it ended. ☙ Noon came.—The preparations for the burial had been made, and ere the daylight should close, the body of the youth was to be put in its sepulchre, without the walls of the town. ☙ He looked beautiful in his manly proportions, even in death. The curls of his hair were drawn back from his forehead, and a linen bandage had been passed under his chin, and tied around his face. And on one side stood his mother, and on the other side Zar, his beloved. Unni wept, and rent

the air with shrieks of agony; but the maid was silent and tearless. Twenty-and-four years had Shirval lived in his native city; and it was known that his mother, to whom he was ever obedient, leaned on him as the staff of her declining age. He was her only child. 'O, God of Judgments!' cried Unni, 'what am I that thou hast afflicted me thus!' And her grey hairs were bowed to the ground, and she would not receive consolation. So as the young man's body lay there, the day still waned, and the mourners arrived to attend him to the last resting-place. They placed the corpse upon the bier, and set forth. No one could tell why it was so,—that, as they advanced, many spectators, people of Nain, gathered around them, and walked with them on their solemn errand. The rich men and the officers joined the crowd; and it swelled to many hundreds. Yet none spoke, or understood what mysterious impulse led him thus to honour the funeral-march of the poor widow's son. Now they came to the gates of the town, and the foremost mourners passed out, and went no farther; for a band of travellers were before them, coming inward, and stopped the way. The travellers paused too—all but a small group who approached the mourners of Shirval. Most of those in the group were wayworn and coarse in their appearance; but their look imported strange things—and ONE of their number as HE walked a little before the rest, fixed all eyes, while the hearts of the wide assembly throbbed, as at the nearness of an UNDEFINABLE PRESENCE, more than mortal. The BEING was of middle stature and fair proportions, in every motion whereof was easy grace.

His step was neither rapid or very slow; and his look more sought the earth than swept around him with glances of pride. His face was beautifully clear, and his eyes, blue as the sky above them, beamed forth benevolence and love. His brown hair was parted in the middle of his head, and flowed in heavy ringlets down upon his shoulders. The aspect of the stranger was not deficient in dignity, but it seemed far unlike the dignity of princes and captains. As this PRESENCE came in among them, the haughtiest of Nain were awed: and the concourse paused, with the expectation, as it were, of an unwonted, event. It needed not that any one should inform the BEING what had happened. Shirval's corpse was there, borne upon its bier; and the widow was nigh, convulsed in her grief; and Zar, the maiden, followed meekly. A moment only were the compassionate eyes of the BEING bent upon this sight of agony and death—bent with a mortal look of sympathy. He stept forth, and stood before Unni. He spoke,—and his voice, musical and manly, thrilled to the fine chords of every soul in that multitude. 'Widow of Nain,' he said, 'weep not!' And he looked about, and waved his hand gently; and as he touched the bier with one finger, they who carried it put it upon the ground, and stood away. And the stranger bent over the young man's corpse, and gazed upon the face. O, Nazarine! thou who didst pour out bloody sweat upon the cross, at the Place of Skulls! what feelings of human pity—what yearning for the weal of all mankind—what prophetic horror at the agonies of thine own death—what sympathy with the woes of earth, which the mortality of

thy nature gave thee to feel as mortals themselves feel—what soul-tears for that pain and wretchedness, which must still continue through time—what of all these were thine during that fearful minute, it were almost blasphemous to transcribe! ☒ There was a stillness over all the gathering. Even the grief of Unni was hushed. The people had given back from around the BEING, and he and the dead form were together—all eyes bent toward them. ☒ A second time he spoke—and at the awful nature of the command he gave, the hearts of the people paused in motion, and the breathings were suspended. ☒ 'Live! thou who art dead!—Arise, and speak to the woman, thy mother!' ☒ At the word, the white vestments wherewith they had bound Shirval began to move. His eyes unclosed, and the colour came back into his cheeks. The lips that had been still, parted a passage for the misty breath,—and the leaden fingers glowed with the warmth of life. The ashy hue of his skin was marked by the creeping blood, as it started to fulfil its circulation in the veins—and the nostrils quivered at the inward and outward motion of air. His limbs felt the wondrous impulse—he rose, and stood up among them, wrapped in his shroud and the white linen. ☒ 'I have slept!' said he, turning to his mother, 'but there have been no dreams.' ☒ And he kissed the widow's cheek, and smiled pleasantly on Zar. Then the awe of the presence of the Stranger gathered like a mantle upon him—and the three knelt upon the ground and bent their faces on the earth-worn sandals of the Man of Wo.

RICHARD PARKER'S WIDOW

RICHARD PARKER'S WIDOW

HEN I was in London some years since, I, with another person, went one morning to the police office, with several of the higher functionaries with whom my companion was acquainted. After seeing some of the peculiar sights and scenes that are to be met with at such a place only, we were invited to sit a while in a sort of half-private, half-public parlour, attached to the establishment. When we entered, one of the magistrates was talking to an aged, shabbily-dresssed lady, (for *lady* she was, by a title superior to dress,) who seemed to be applying for parish assistance, or making enquiries of him about the necessary steps to be taken for procuring it. My companion, the moment he saw her, directed my attention to her by a peculiar movement of the head. ☐ 'Look closely at her,' said he, in a whisper, 'that woman's life has been indirectly involved with the welfare of nations. When we are alone, I will tell you more about her.' ☐ The female might at one time have been handsome; but now, years and sorrow had graven deeply on her features and form the evidences of decay. Her eyes had that piercing look which belongs to people whose sight is nearly gone. Her garments were clean, though old, and very faded. ☐ I was interested in the appearance of this female

—though I could hardly divine what or who she had been—and when we left the place, I reminded my friend of his promise. ☐ 'That woman,' said he, 'is the widow of a man whose name, forty years ago, rang for many weeks like a death-knell through England, and shook with terror the foundation of the throne itself! Her husband was Richard Parker, the Admiral Mutineer, who headed the sailor's rebellion at the Nore.' ☐ He then went on to give me the particulars of this celebrated mutiny, which I had read in my own country when a boy, but which had nearly escaped my memory. As the reader may also have forgotten—or may never have heard it—and as the history of the singular affair is full of interest—I will recapitulate it here. I am of course indebted to English authorities for most of the facts that follow. ☐ In the early part of May, 1797, the British seamen in the vessels about the Nore, (a point of land so called, dividing the mouths of the Thames and Medway,) indignant at many oppressive restrictions, and at non-payment of their wages, broke out into an organized mutiny. They deprived the officers of all command of the ships, though they otherwise treated them with every respect. Each vessel was put under the government of a committee of twelve men; and a board of delegates was appointed to represent the whole body of sailors, each man-of-war sending two delegates, and each gun-boat one. Of these delegates Richard Parker was chosen president. This man was of good family, and had been engaged in Scotland in mercantile business, which proving unsuccessful, he one day in a fit of despondency left his family, took the bounty, and became a common sailor. He was

gentlemanly in his manners, well educated, and the bravest of the brave. The force of the mutineers, which, toward the latter part of May, consisted of twenty-four sail, soon proceeded to block up the Thames—sternly refusing a passage to vessels up or down. In a day or two there was of course an immense number of ships, and water craft of all descriptions, under detention. The appearance of the whole fleet is described by contemporaneous accounts as appalling and grand. The red flag floated from the mast-head of every one of the mutineers. It may well be imagined that the alarm of the citizens of London was extreme. The government, however, though unable to quell Parker and his fellow sailors by force, remained firm in their demand of unconditional surrender as a necessary preliminary to any intercourse. This, perhaps, was the wisest line of conduct they could have assumed. The seamen never seemed to think of taking an offensive attitude. Being thus left in quiet to meditate on their position of hostility to a whole country, they shortly began to grow timorous—and the more so, as the government had caused all the buoys to be removed from the mouth of the Thames and the adjacent coasts, so that no vessel dare attempt to move away, for fear of running aground. The mutineers held together, nevertheless, till the 30th of May, when the Clyde frigate was carried off through a combination of its officers with some of the seamen; and this desertion was followed by the St. Fiorenzo. Both were fired upon by the mutineers, but no great damage was done. From the 1st to the 10th of June, all was disquiet on board the fleet. Several more desertions happened

during that period. On the 10th, the whole body of the detained merchantmen were allowed, by common consent, to proceed up the river. Such a multitude of ships certainly never entered a port before at one tide. On the 12th, only seven ships held out—and by the 16th, the mutiny had terminated. A party of soldiers then went on board the Sandwich, and to them were surrendered the delegates of that ship, Richard Parker and a man named Davies. Parker to whom the title of Admiral was given by the sailors and the public during the whole of this affair, occupied from the beginning the principal attention of the government. He was now brought summarily to trial before a naval court martial, on the 22d of June—having been thrown, for the intermediate time, in the black-hole of Sheerness garrison. In his defense, which he conducted himself, he read an elegantly written and powerful paper, setting forth that the situation he had held, had been in a measure forced upon him—that he had consented to occupy it chiefly for the purpose of preventing any bloody or cruel measures—that he had restrained the men from excesses—and that, had he been disloyal, he might have taken the ship to sea, or to an enemy's port. But nothing could save Parker. He was sentenced to death. When his doom was pronounced, he immediately stood up, and with a firm voice made the following short but most beautiful response: 'I shall submit to your sentence with all due respect, being confident of the innocence of my intentions, and that God will receive me into favor; and I sincerely hope that my death will be the means of restoring tranquillity to the navy, and that those men who have

been implicated in the business may be reinstated in their former situations, and again be serviceable to their country.' ☙ On the morning of the 30th June, the whole fleet was ranged a little below Sheerness, in full sight of the Sandwich, on board of which Richard Parker was that day to suffer an ignominious death. The yellow flag, the signal of death, was hoisted—and the crew of every ship was piped to the forecastle. Parker was aroused from a sound sleep that morning, and attired himself with neatness, in a suit of deep mourning. He mentioned to his attendants that he had made a will, leaving his wife heir to some property belonging to him. On coming upon deck, he was pale, but perfectly composed, and drank a glass of water 'to the salvation of his soul, and the forgiveness of all his enemies.' He said nothing to his mates on the forecastle but 'Good bye to you!' and expressed a hope that his death would be considered a sufficient atonement, and would save the lives of others. He was then strung up at the yard arm, and in a few moments dangled lifeless there. ☙ Mrs. Parker was in Scotland, among her connexions, and when the rumour came to her ears that the Nore fleet had mutinied, and that the leader was one Richard Parker, she immediately started for London —and on her arrival heard that her husband had been tried, but the result was unknown. Being able to think of nothing better than petitioning the king, she gave a person a guinea to draw up a paper, praying that Parker's life might be spared. She attempted to make her way with this to His Majesty's presence—but was finally obliged to hand it to a Lord in waiting, who gave her the cruel intelligence that applications

for mercy in all cases would be attended to, except those for Richard Parker. The distracted woman then took coach for Rochester on the 29th, where she got on board a king's ship, and learned that her husband was to be executed on the following day. Who can imagine her unspeakable wretchedness, as she sat up the whole of that long night of agony! At four o'clock the next morning, she went to the river side to hire a boat to take her to the Sandwich, that she might at least bid her poor husband farewell. Her feelings had been deeply tortured by hearing every person she met talking of that occurrence which was the subject of her distress; and now the first waterman to whom she spoke, answered, 'No, I cannot take one passenger; the brave Admiral Parker is to be hung today, and I will get any sum I choose to ask for a party!' After a long trial, the wretched wife was glad to get on board a Sheerness market-boat—but no boat was allowed to come alongside the Sandwich. In her desperation, she called on Parker by name, and prevailed on the boat people, by the mere spectacle of her suffering, to attempt to go nearer, when they were stopped by a sentinel threatening to fire at them. As the hour drew nigh, she saw her husband appear on deck between two clergymen. She called on him again, and he heard her voice, for he exclaimed, 'There is my dear wife, from Scotland!' The excitement of this was too great, and the miserable wife fell back in a state of insensibility—from which she was fortunate enough not to recover until the scene of death was finished, and she had been taken ashore. She seemed to think, however, that she was yet in time; she hired another boat, and a second

time reached the Sandwich. Her delirious shriek, 'Pass the word for Richard Parker!' rang through the decks, and must have startled all on board. The truth was now made clear to her, and she was further informed that the body had just been taken on shore for burial. She immediately caused herself to be rowed back again, and proceeded to the churchyard; but found the ceremony over and the gate locked! The key, which she sought from the proper source, was refused her; and she was excited almost to madness at learning that the surgeon would probably disinter the body that night for anatomical purposes. She was now in a situation of mind wherein all the ordinary timidity and softness of her sex left her. She waited cautiously around the churchyard 'til dusk — then, clambering over the wall, she readily found her husband's new-made grave. The shell was not buried deep, and she worked in such a manner that the earth was soon scraped away, and the coffin lid removed. She clasped the cold neck, and kissed the clammy lips of the object of her search! The necessity of prompt measures to possess the body, aroused this extraordinary woman from the enjoyment of her melancholy pleasure. She left the churchyard, and communicated her situation to two women, who in their turn got several men to undertake the task of lifting the body. This was accomplished successfully, and the coffin was carried to Rochester, and thence to London. The widow stopped with her sad burthen at a tavern on Tower Hill. By express at the same hour, or before it, information had been brought to the capital of the exhumation of the body; and the secret of its locality

could not now be kept. A great crowd assembled around the house, anxious to see the dead man's face, which Mrs. Parker would not permit. She had the corpse in her own room, and was sitting disconsolately beside it, hardly knowing what course to pursue, and fearing it would be taken from her by the authorities, when the Lord Mayor arrived to see her. He came to ask what she intended doing with the remains of her husband: she answered, 'to inter them decently at Exeter, or in Scotland.' The Lord Mayor said the body should not be taken from her; but he prevailed upon her to have it buried in London. Arrangements were accordingly made for that purpose, and finally the corpse of the hapless sailor was inhumed in Whitechapel churchyard. After the closing ceremony, Mrs. Parker gave a certificate that the burial had been conducted to her satisfaction. But, though strictly questioned as to who had aided her in the disinterment, she firmly refused to disclose their names. For many years afterward, this faithful wife lived on the income she derived from the little property left her by her husband's will. But ultimately her rights were some how or other decided against by a judicial tribunal, and she was thrown into great poverty in London, where she lived. She was in the habit of receiving assistance, however, from the highest quarters. William IV. gave her at one time £20, and at another £10. On the occasion when I saw her in 1836, she was nearly blind, and, as I intimated in the beginning, was making application for some public aid. I was gratified to learn afterward that she received it. Whether she be yet living, I am not able to say.

SOME FACT-ROMANCES

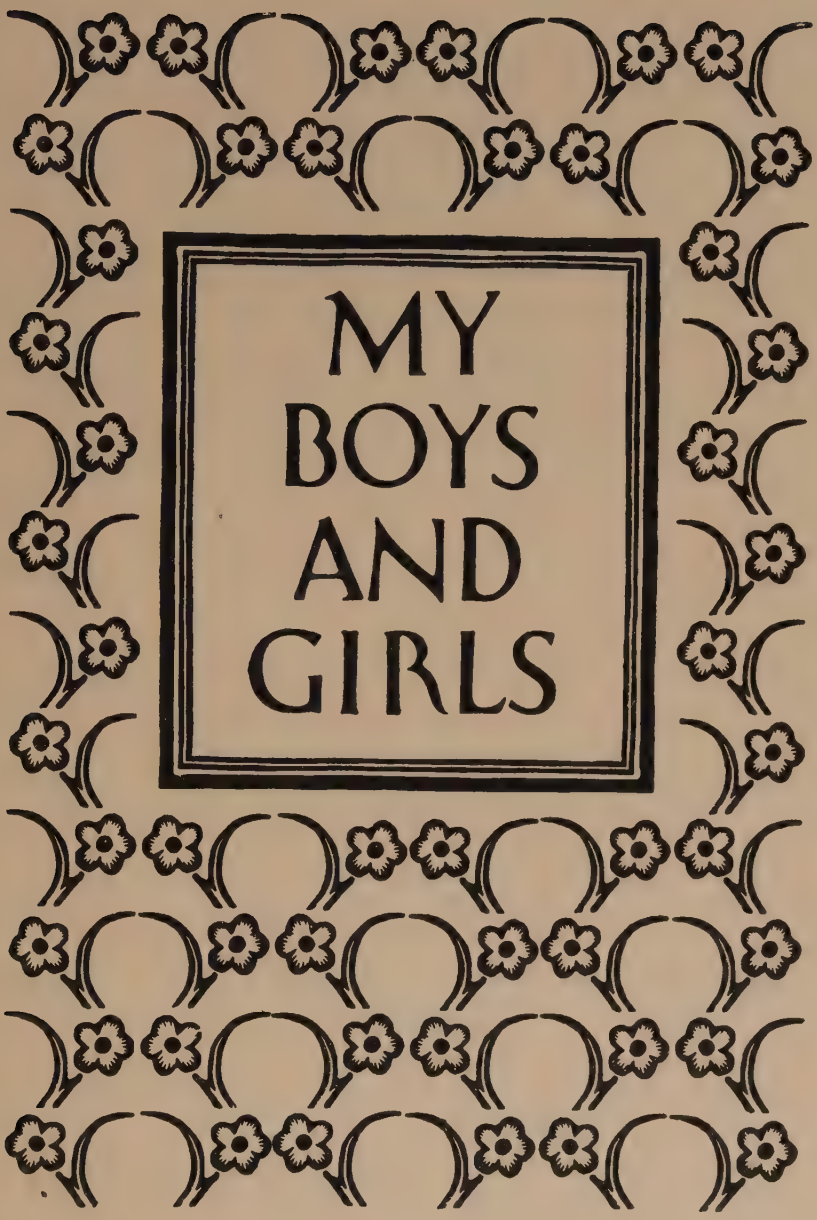
SOME FACT-ROMANCES

S FAR as the essential parts of the following little incidents are concerned, the reader has the pledged personal veracity of the writer—must it be said, not only as a writer, but as a man?—that they literally came to pass, as now told. They may not be considered so romantic as if they had merely an imaginary existence—for though fact is indeed stronger than fable, it is hardly ever realized to be so. Even while we are thrilled most deeply by the sight or hearing of a real death under affecting circumstances, we do not look upon it as equally sentimental with a death described in a novel, or seen upon the stage. ☙ Still, truth has a great charm—and I would try it against romance, even on romance's chosen ground of love and death. Therefore have I rummaged over the garners of my observation and memory for the following anecdotes—and therefore I present them, with a determination to go not a bit beyond the limits of fact. Pope's lady friend was charmed with Plutarch, until she found that he was an authentic biographer—so called—and then she threw his works away. I have more confidence in the judgment of intelligent American women, and men too, than to think they can act after such a fashion.

I became acquainted some seasons since with a gentleman who had emigrated from France, and then lived in a pleasant country town, about twenty miles from this metropolis. He was a mild, but somewhat eccentric person; and on the farm which he owned—for he possessed considerable wealth—everything was permitted to go to rack. Cattle strayed away, fences fell, hay was unmowed; and if the owner had not drawn a handsome income from funds in the city, everybody in his house might have starved to death. The people round about thought him deranged, which perhaps was sometimes not far from the truth. But he never offended or harmed anybody, and was therefore permitted to go his own way, without any one's interference. He had three children, all of them grown and away from home. The sons were employed in some mercantile establishment in New-York, in which city the daughter, who was married, also lived. The wife of the emigrant was a gentle-mannered and most lady-like woman, of a delicate appearance, and always looked to me like one in a hopeless consumption. The neighbors said she was never seen to smile. One day the gentleman set out for New-York, with the intention of procuring medical advice for his wife, who accompanied him. After arriving there, and consulting several physicians, he took a sudden notion, the second day afterwards, to return to his farm, and carry his wife with him. The physicians pronounced the lady's removal highly improper; but he made his preparations in half an hour, and without the knowledge of his children, started away. The wife, so weak that she could not sit upright, was carried in a kind of

covered wagon, on a bed. They crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and when out near Bedford, the gentleman gave the reins of the horses to a hired man who accompanied him, and declared his intention of going forward on foot. He did so. The hired man drove on a couple of miles, and then stopped a while, jumped on the ground, and lifted the covering of the wagon to see how the sick woman was getting on. She was a lifeless corpse! The man stood for a minute motionless with horror. He then drove the wagon aside from the middle of the road, unhitched both the horses, tied one to a tree, jumped on the back of the other, and rode rapidly forward to overtake the husband. Three hot weary miles ahead he came up to him. He told his story, and the other listened, but made no answer. The hired man impressed upon him the necessity of returning immediately, but he declined, and rushed wildly forward on the turnpike toward the town where he lived. Arrived there, he passed directly by his own door, without stopping, and went down to a swampy wood of considerable extent, that lies a couple of miles beyond the village. In that wood, he wandered about for three days and nights, and when found at the end of that time, all pale, ragged, weak and bloody, was a confirmed maniac. They sent him off to one of the Insane Retreats, where, if alive, he no doubt remains at this moment. ☆ The hired man, when he came back to the corpse, carried it to the nearest house, and then returned to New-York, and gave information to the sons, who, of course, took measures to have the due ceremonies of burial immediately performed. ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

SAUNDERS, that unhappy boy, now in the State's Prison for his forgeries on his employers, Austin and Wilmerding, once boarded in the same house with me. Soon after his arrest, I visited the Centre-Street 'Tombs', and went into his cell to see him. He gave me a long account of the commission of the crime, and of his doings down to the time of his capture at Boston. It was all a disgusting story of villany and conceit. He was a flippant boy, whose head, I think, was turned by melo-dramas and the Jack Sheppard order of novels—all but one little item. When he had received the money, and every moment was worth diamonds to him—he intended to sail in the Great Western, it will be remembered—he spent an hour in going up to a pawnbroker's shop in the Bowery, to get a little piece of jewellery he had in pledge there—*a keepsake from his dead mother.* He told me in his cell that he would have given a thousand dollars for another half hour, yet *he could not go away without that locket.* That half hour cost him the doom he afterwards had meted out to him.


MY
BOYS
AND
GIRLS

MY BOYS AND GIRLS

HOUGH A bachelor, I have several girls and boys that I consider my own. Little Louisa, the fairest and most delicate of human blossoms, is a lovely niece—a child that the angels themselves might take to the beautiful land, without tasting death. A fat, hearty, rosy-cheeked youngster, the girl's brother, comes in also for a good share of my affection. Never was there such an imp of mischief! Falls and bumps hath he every hour of the day, which affect him not, however. Incessant work occupies his mornings, noons and nights; and dangerous is it, in the room with him, to leave anything unguarded, which the most persevering activity of a stout pair of dumpy hands can destroy. ☞ What would you say, dear reader, were I to claim nearest relationship to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson? Yet such is the case, as I aver upon my word. Several times has the immortal Washington sat on my shoulders, his legs dangling down upon my breast, while I trotted for sport down a lane or over the fields. Around the waist of the sagacious Jefferson have I circled one arm, while the fingers of the other have pointed him out words to spell. And though Jackson is (strange paradox!) considerably older than the other two, many a race and tumble have I had with him—and at this moment I question whether,

in a wrestle, he would not get the better of me, and put me flat. ☆ One of my children—a child of light and loveliness—sometimes gives me rise to many uneasy feelings. She is a very beautiful girl, in her fourteenth year. Flattery comes too often to her ears. From the depths of her soul I now and then see misty revealings of thought and wish, that are not well. I see them through her eyes and in the expression of her face. ☆ It is a dreary thought to imagine what may happen, in the future years, to a handsome, merry child—to gaze far down the vista, and see the dim phantoms of Evil standing about with nets and temptations—to witness, in the perspective, purity gone, and the freshness of youthful innocence rubbed off, like the wasted bloom of flowers. Who, at twenty-five or thirty years of age, is without many memories of wrongs done, and mean or wicked deeds performed? ☆ Right well do I love many more of my children. H. is my 'summer child.' An affectionate fellow is he—with merits and with faults, as all boys have—and it has come to be that should his voice no more salute my ears, nor his face my eyes, I might not feel as happy as I am. M., too, a volatile lively young gentleman, is an acquaintance by no means unpleasant to have by my side. Perhaps M. is a little too rattlesome, but he has qualities which have endeared him to me much during our brief acquaintance. Then there is J. H., a sober, good-natured youth, whom I hope I shall always number among my friends. Another H. has lately come among us—too large, perhaps, and too near manhood to be called one of my *children*. I know I shall love him well when we become better acquainted—as I hope we are destined

to be. ☙ Blessings on the young! And for those whom I have mentioned in the past lines, oh, may the developement of their existence be spared any sharp stings of grief or pangs of remorse! Had I any magic or superhuman power, one of the first means of its use would be to insure the brightness and beauty of their lives. Alas! that there should be sin, and pain, and agony so abundantly in the world! —that these young creatures—wild, frolicksome, and fair—so dear to me all of them, those connected by blood, and those whom I like for themselves alone —alas, that they should merge in manhood and womanhood the fragrance and purity of their youth! ☙ But shall I forget to mention *one* other of my children? For of him I can speak with mingled joy and sadness. For him there is no fear in the future. The clouds shall not darken over his young head—nor the taint of wickedness corrupt his heart—nor any poignant remorse knaw him inwardly for wrongs done. No weary bane of body or soul—no disappointed hope—no unrequited love—no feverish ambition —no revenge, nor hate, nor pride—no struggling with poverty, nor temptation, nor death—may ever trouble him more. He lies low in the grave-yard on the hill. Very beautiful was he—and the promise of an honorable manhood shone brightly in him—and sad was the gloom of his passing away. We buried him in the early summer. The scent of the apple-blossoms was thick in the air—and all animated nature seemed overflowing with delight and motion. But the fragrance and the animation made us feel a deadlier sickness in our souls. Oh, bitter day! I pray God there may come to me but few such! ☙ And there

is one again:—and she, too, must be in the Land of Light, so tiny and so frail. A mere month only after she came into the world, a little shroud was prepared, and a little coffin built, and they placed the young infant in her tomb. It was not a sad thing —we wept not, nor were our hearts heavy. I bless God that he has ordained the beautiful youth and spring time! In all the wondrous harmony of nature, nothing shows more wisdom and benevolence than that necessity which makes us grow up from so weak and helpless a being as a new-born infant, through all the phases of sooner and later childhood, to the neighborhood of maturity, and so to maturity itself. Thus comes the sweetness of the early seasons—the bud and blossom time of life. Thus comes the beauty which we love to look upon—the faces and lithe forms of young children. May it not be well, as we grow old, to make ourselves often fresh, and childlike, and merry with those who are so fresh and merry? We *must* grow old—for immutable time will have it so. Gray hairs will be sown in our heads, and wrinkles in our faces; but we can yet keep *the within* cheerful and youthful—and that is the great secret of warding off all that is unenviable in old age. The fountain flowing in its sweetness forever, and the bloom undying upon the heart, and the thoughts young, whatever the body may be—we can bid defiance to the assualts of time, and composedly wait for the hour of our taking away.

The End

NOTES

Page 11 line 18

Thomas Dunn English was born in 1819, and died in 1903, after a long career as physician, lawyer, politician, and miscellaneous writer. His most famous poem, *Ben Bolt*, first appeared in Morris and Willis's *New Mirror*, September 2, 1843 (I, 347).

Page 7 line 28

Of *The Aurora* little is known; only a few scattered issues, all between the dates March 18, and October 7, 1843, seem to be preserved. I have examined these at the New York Historical Society. The paper was a 'two-cent' daily, the earlier issues called *Aurora and Union*, but from August 2nd called simply *The New York Aurora*. It was published at the "Great American Newspaper Establishment," 111 Nassau Street, by Herrick and Ropes, who are at first named "editors and proprietors" but "proprietors" only after September 26. Herrick, West and Ropes published also a weekly *The Atlas*, to which Rufus Griswold's friend G. G. Foster was a contributor, and I think he too had a hand in the *Aurora*. It was a Tyler sheet.

From Whitman's language in *Complete Prose* (p. 188) and *Uncollected Poetry and Prose* (II, 87) I judge he was for a time himself editor of the *Aurora*, but nothing signed by him appears in the issues preserved. Poe in a letter of September 8, 1844, names English as then editor of *The Aurora*.

A later apparent contact of English and Whitman may be found in Walt's brief notice in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, December 17, 1847 (reproduced in *The Gathering of the Forces*, II, 272 f) of a new Philadelphia comic weekly, *The John Donkey*. This was edited by English though Walt does not name him.

Page 12 line 21f

I quote from Poe's second version of his article on English; that printed by Griswold in his edition (III, 101 f)—a text based, as Prof. Killis Campbell points out, on a surviving MS. The earlier notice, in *Godey's Lady's Book* for July 1846 is briefer and less bitter. English's quotation is from Bulwer's *Richelieu* I, 424-425, garbled.

Page 13 line 7

The complete file may be described as follows: The Aristidean. — By Thomas Dunn

English, and several collaborators.—New York: Lane & Co., 304 Broadway. Philadelphia: R. S. English, 331 South Second-Street.—1846.

Large 8vo, 240 leaves, paged [i-iii], iv-vii, [viii], [5]—476. There were six numbers, each with separate signatures, eighty pages to the issue; title page, index, etc. were issued with the last number. The issues bore dates, March, April, September, October, November, and December, 1845. To judge from the dates of reviews I have seen, the magazine was perhaps irregular in the day of the month on which it appeared.

Besides English, Whitman, and Poe, the contributors were C. Wilkins Webber and Herman S. Saroni of New York; Mrs. E. F. Ellet "of Charleston"; Mrs. Jenkins of Montevideo; Miss Mary L. Lawson, Prof. H. S. Patterson, Samuel Hood, Wm. A. Stokes, Gen. Horatio Hubbell, T. Mayne Reid, Charles A. de Coalomb, and Robert Tyler of Philadelphia; J. E. Murdoch of Boston; and A. M. Ide Jr., of South Attleboro, Mass.

It may be noted that Poe's *Broadway Journal* was published for a time at 304 Broadway and Whitman (according to *Complete Prose*, p. 12) seems to have visited him there *after* the publication of *Art-Singing and Heart-Singing* in the *Broadway Journal of* November 29, 1845.

Page 13, line 23

For articles by Whitman dealing with capital punishment, see *Uncollected Poetry and Prose*, I, 97 f, 108 f; II, 15, etc. The second of these articles dealt with the ferocious negro William Freeman—I have commented briefly upon it in *Notes and Queries*, April 3, 1926. In that place, and in the issue for December 12, 1925, I have given a good many notes on quotations and allusions left without comment by the editor of the two volumes of *Uncollected Poetry and Prose*.

Page 13 line 32

See *Gathering of the Forces* II, 136f, for a note on this subject reprinted from *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, November 7, 1846.

Page 14 line 3f

For English's remark see *The Aristidean*, p. 79.

Page 14 line 7

Darley is named, *Aristidean*, p. 476. He was a popular artist at the time. He was the illus-

trator of Poe's *Gold Bug* when it first appeared in *The Dollar Newspaper* of Philadelphia and was under contract to illustrate Poe's long projected monthly magazine, *The Stylus*, which never got beyond the *Prospectus* stage.

Page 15, line 2

See Holloway's footnote, *Uncollected Poetry* etc., p. lxxxiii. In the *Eagle*, *The Half-Breed* was always headed "Original Novelette".

Page 16, line 14

Poe's praise is in a "puff" of English's magazine in the *Broadway Journal*, May 3, 1845, Vol. I, p. 285. Though he referred to other issues of *The Aristidean*, Poe never happened to comment on the other Whitman contributions.

Page 16, line 21

The article on Richard Parker in the *D. N. B.* (much corrected in *errata* volume, and second edition) refers to some of the volumes named, and also to C. Cunningham's *Narrative*, privately printed at Chatham, 1829; but one should consult also the great *Catalogue of Printed Books* of the British Museum, under Parker's name. The Boston edition of the *Trial*, and a copy of Jerrold's play (included in *Lacy's Acting Drama, no. 78*) I saw at the New York Public Library. The chapbook described in the British Museum catalogue seems to differ from one catalogued in the Harvard Checklist no. (2284).

Two contemporary pamphlets consulted perhaps deserve bibliographical description—a few references to them are given below, among the notes to Whitman's tale.

I. The Trial of Richard Parker, complete; President of the Delegates, for mutiny. &c. On board the Sandwich, and others of His Majesty's Ships, at the Nore, In May, 1797.—Before a Court Martial, held on board the Neptune, of 98 guns, Laying off Greenhithe, near Gravesend, On Thursday, June 28, 1797, and following Days.=Taken in short hand, on board the Neptune, By Job Sibley.=Boston: printed by Samuel Etheridge, For William T. Clap, Fish-Street, Corner Proctor's-Lane. 1797.

12°, 30 leaves, A-E^6, pp. [1-3], 4-58, p. [2] blank., (last leaf missing (blank?) in N. Y. P. L. copy, the only one seen.)

II. An Impartial and authentic account of the Life of

Richard Parker, President of the Delegates at the Nore; Tried for Mutiny, and condemned by a Court Martial held on Board His Majesty's Ship, Neptune, at Greenhithe, in June 1797.—By a Schoolfellow, and an intimate Acquaintance.—To which is added, An account of the Extraordinary Manner of his Wife's obtaining his Body, and of his Interment. = London: Published by J. Fairburn, n° 146, Minories = 1797. — [Price Sixpence.]

12 mo: folding plate; 12 leaves, [A]-C⁴, pages [1-3], 4-23, [24], pp. 2 and 24 blank. Photostat (of the British Museum copy) now in N. Y. Public Library.

Page 17, line 11
See Pelham, *Chronicles etc.*, I, 353f.

Page 18, line 26
See John Burroughs, *Whitman, a Study*, Boston 1896, p. 55.

Pages 21f
The Half-Breed was first printed as Article XI in the March issue of *The Aristidean*, pp. 36-64 under the title *Arrow-Tip*. The chapters there have brief synoptic headings which are also printed in the *Index* of the Magazine. The text given is that of Whitman's own reprint in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, June 1-6, 8 and 9, 1846, Volume V, nos. 133-140. The instalments are always on the first page, each consists of a single chapter, save that V and VI both appear in the issue of June 5.

From advertisements in the daily issue, I learn that on Wednesdays was issued *The Weekly Eagle*, of which I can locate no copies. However, there can be little doubt that the story was reprinted therein from the forms of the daily, kept standing—probably in the issues of June 3 and 10, but possibly not until June 10 and 17, to judge from the conduct of other papers of the time.

The *Eagle* printers probably used a corrected *Aristidean* as copy; the variants I give among the *Textual Notes*.

Page 38, line 16
"most admired confusion"—This is probably a reminiscence of *Macbeth*, III, iv, 110 "much admired disorder".

Page 44, line 6
Arnold—Most of Whitman's names are without apparent

reason, but the villain perhaps is a namesake of the traitor, Benedict Arnold.

Page 58, line 25

The phrase "avenger of blood" is used in the Bible in only two chapters, *Deuteronomy*, xix, and *Joshua*, xx.

Page 66, line 20

"stubborn, like a dumb brute that has no knowledge." Cf. *Psalms*, xxxii, 9 "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding." The leader's discourse has appropriately a Biblical flavor.

Page 69, line 27

"soon hushed of their own accord etc." The sentence is very awkward, but I do not think I should emend it. If the grammar is bad, it is Whitman's, and the meaning is perfectly clear.

Page 73, line 10

"Solitude had few charms" There is an allusion I think to Cowper's *Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk*, ll. 5-6;—

O solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face.

Page 79f

Shirval first appeared as Article IV in the March issue of *The Aristidean*, pages 12-15.

Page 81, line 1f

Cf *Song of Myself*, 6, 7, etc.

Page 82, line 1

This is a very significant passage—compare conclusion to *Leaves of Grass.—So Long*, ll. 53-57 in *Leaves of Grass*

Page 82, line 18

For the Rose of Sharon, see *Solomon's Song*, ii, 1.

Page 87f

Richard Parker's Widow first appeared as Article VII in the April issue of *The Aristidean*, pp. 111-114. It was announced as ready for publication—p. 79, in the March issue. See notes to introduction for bibliographical references.

Page 90, line 7

Mrs. Parker whose maiden name was Anne MacHardy, was of Scotch descent, but lived at Exeter.

Page 90, line 15f

From the sixth paragraph to the end the article is a rather close paraphrase of portions of the notice of Parker in

Camden Pelham's *Chronicles of Crime, or the New Newgate Calendar*, London 1841 (the copy consulted is reprinted from old plates 1886) I. p. 353 f. As an example I quote the source of the tenth paragraph, Page 96, line 15f (barring the first sentence, which synopsizes much of Pelham) italicizing words used also by Whitman.

"From that time one vessel after another *deserted* the band, and put themselves under the protection of the fort at Sheerness. *On the 10th*, the *merchantmen were allowed by common consent* to pass *up the river*, and *such a multitude of ships certainly never entered a port* by *one tide*. By *the 12th*, *only seven ships* had the red flag flying, and on *the 16th the mutiny had terminated*, every ship having been restored to the command of its officers. *A party of soldiers went on board the Sandwich, and to them* the officers *surrendered the delegates of* the *ship*, namely, *a man named Davies*, and *Richard Parker*."

Page 91, line 2

The soubriquet "bravest of the brave" was applied by Napoleon to the famous Marshal Ney.

Page 92, line 27f

Whitman gives Parker's speech as does Pelham. But according to Sibley's shorthand record (Boston pamphlet p.58) Parker said:

"I bow to your sentence with all due submission, being convinced I have acted from the dictates of a good conscience. God Almighty, who knows the hearts of all men, will, I hope, receive me. I hope that my death alone will atone to the Country; and that those brave men, who have acted with me will receive a general pardon; I am satisfied they will return to their duty with alacrity."

Page 94, line 15

According to Andrew Knapp and William Baldwin (*Criminal Chronology, or the New Newgate Calendar*, London 1810, III, 556) as well as Pelham, Whitman's source, Parker who was a mutineer, not a "teetotaller", drank his celebrated toast in a glass of white wine, with which he was "indulged"—the change to "a glass of water" is a bit of cant, to which many parallels could be pointed out in the writings of Whitman's day and our own. If Walt never blushed for it, his editor

blushes doubly, if that be possible!

Page 94, line 32

According to the *Impartial* pamphlet, (p. 18), Mrs. Parker presented a petition through Earl Morton to the Queen.

Page 95, line 14f

The boatman's speech is given as by Pelham, but Whitman substitutes "to be hung" for "to die". Pelham gives also the speeches as at page 95, line 27 and page 96, line 2.

Page 97, line 1f

The whole matter of the "exhibition" of Parker's body is a strange one—his portrait was certainly sketched at the Inn, and according to the *Impartial* pamphlet, (p. 21) the curious assembled in great numbers. From this account, I judge that while Mrs. Parker was indignant in refuting the charge she had shown her husband's body for money, she had permitted visitors to see him, and the magistrates feared a seditious demonstration. Whitman follows Pelham alone.

Page 97, line 28

Pelham relates William IV's charity.

Page 99f

Some Fact Romances appeared as Article XV, in the December issue of *The Aristidean*, pp. 444-449. It there consists of an introduction and five brief narratives. Whitman used some of the stories again later—I collect only the portions I have not found in any collections, namely, the Introduction, and items III and IV.

For the rest; I. was reprinted, with some revision, as *A Fact Romance of Long Island* in the *Eagle* of December 16, 1846 (whence *Uncollected Poetry* I, 146-147); II was given in the *Eagle* of November 12, 1846, with a few corrections, as *The Old Black Widow* (reprinted, *Uncollected Poetry*, I, 138-139); and V as *An Incident of Long Island forty years ago* in the *Eagle* of December 22, 1846 (whence *Uncollected Poetry*, I, 149-151). IV has been reprinted recently by me in the *American Mercury*, June 1924, pp. 206-207, in my article *Walt Whitman and 'The Aristidean'*. While I have not here reprinted *The Old Black Widow*, I would point out in this connection that Whitman continued to be interested in negroes of merit. In the New York Historical Society is a long letter addressed to Walt

on June 22, 1881, by Elisa Seamen Leggett of Detroit, (For whom see *Complete Prose* p. 155) largely dealing with the career of Sojourner Truth, a remarkable negress.

Page 101, line 11

"fact is indeed stronger than fable". The phrase is so much altered from the familiar quotation Whitman probably had in mind, Byron, *Don Juan* XIV, ci, 1-2 "Truth is . . . . stranger than fiction," that I hesitate to emend "stronger," though "stranger" is very probably what Walt wrote.

Page 101, line 23

This does not seem to be told elsewhere of Pope, but does appear in Richard Griffith's forgery "Lawrence Sterne's *Koran*" III, 52.

"A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy, that she had got a parcel of the most delightful novels to read that she had ever met with before. They call them Plutarch's Lives, said she.—I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship, that they were deemed to be authentic histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them."

Since "Sterne's *Koran*" was a common source for newspaper paragraphs, etc., Whitman may have himself confused poet and novelist, or followed some other person's error.

Page 104, line 1f

I have learned less than I could wish of Saunders, since I do not know the date of his crime. The New York Directory for 1842 lists a Frederick Sanders or Saunders, as a clerk living at 145 Barrow Street, who is perhaps the man. Austen, Wilmerding and Co., auctioneers, were located at 30 Exchange Street, corner of William. The Tombs prison in New York was so called because its architecture was modelled after that of Egyptian sepulchral edifices. *Jack Sheppard* was a popular novel by William Harrison Ainsworth, (1839) based on the career of a celebrated English criminal. *The Great Western* was the first ship to cross the Atlantic Ocean by steam alone (1838).

Page 107f

My Boys and Girls was first printed in *The Rover*, April 20, 1844, Volume III, no. 5., p. 75. I saw it long ago, when running through a file of

the magazine; Miss Mary A. Wyman had come across it, independently, in preparing her forthcoming study of *Seba and Elizabeth Oakes Smith*; and Prof. Holloway saw it, when the issue of the *Rover* in the Gable Collection was sold.

Page 109, line 20
Of course George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson are Whitman's own brothers. For a list of his brothers and sisters see Dr. Maurice Buck's *Walt Whitman* (Philadelphia, 1886, p. 13). Further investigation may result in the identification of other relatives and friends mentioned.

Page 110, line 19
"summer child" The quotation has not been located. The phrase is not recorded in the *N. E. D.*, but it may have had a special meaning, known to Whitman and H.

Page 112, line 19
"knaw" was an obsolete, rather than an incorrect spelling of "gnaw". Even though the *N. E. D.* cites no instance later than 1739, Professor W. A. Craigie writes, "The form *knaw* is not uncommon in the older writers, and has parallels on the Continent (as Dutch *knauwen*). I have no doubt that Whitman used it intentionally in whatever way he may have picked it up." Walt's ancestry was of course partly Dutch, as was that of many persons in New York and Long Island. But the source may have been literary, since Whitman must have read eighteenth century books occasionally.

In the following textual notes, I have attempted to list all the verbal variants of the *Aristidean* text of *Arrow-Tip*, from the *Eagle* version of *The Half-Breed*. These are presumably due to Whitman himself, who seems to have sent as copy to the *Eagle* printer, an issue of *The Aristidean* with corrections. Besides this, I have recorded those places at which I have seen fit to emend the printed copy which my text is said to follow. Most of my changes are minute, but it seems worth while to list them. For while I have endeavored to preserve the peculiar, sometimes irregular and inconsistent spelling, punctuation, capitalization—and the division of compound

words of my copy, I have not allowed such misprints as 'ond' and 'evan' to disfigure my pages because Walt's eye failed to catch them. In the case of broken and misplaced letters I have taken the will for the deed and adjusted them silently in a very few places. And I have normalized the forms "ca'nt" and "do'nt". In the use of quotation marks, "single quots" have been put for "double quots" in the original, and "double quots" for the solitary example of "single quots" in my copy. The peculiar use of "Capitals and small capitals" for proper names in the form sheet of *The Aristidean* has been disregarded, except for a few words applied to the Divinity in *Shirval*. In general, variants without any marking are readings of *The Aristidean*, changed by Whitman. The abbreviation "o." means the words referred to are not in the earlier text. "A." stands for *The Aristidean*; "E." for the Brooklyn *Eagle*; and "Ed." for my own changes. The titles of the chapters occur only in the *Aristidean* where they are added after the numerals and repeated in the Index, (page iii).

Page 23 *chapter I.* A Hunchback and his errand.
Page 23 *line 10* seven] three
Page 23 *line 30* But] o.
Page 24 *line 3* you?'] *Quots added by Ed.*
line 13 they] o.
line 15 that] that indeed
Page 25 *line 3* unknown] *So A., E reads* unhnown
line 14 exclaimed] at last, exclaimed
lines 14-15 making . . . foiled] goaded beyond endurance
line 22 the heedless] a child heedless as the
Page 26 *line 8* compromise] compromise which should steer
lines 13-14 garrulous . . . and] o.
lines 14-15 at once] o.
lines 15-16 which . . . style] o.
line 27 pork] food
Page 27 *line 18* spot.] *After this A. adds another paragraph:* The children were evidently becoming interested in the narrative. They gazed

Page 27 *line 18* in the hunchback's face—and eagerly drank in every word that he uttered.
line 18 Well] Well, " continued he, "
line 26 laugh] laugh so long
line 29 Father Luke] the Lonesome Man
Page 28 *line 10* room . . . above] dark room
line 28 village] village, near the river, in
Page 30 *line 4* and so] *So A.; E reads* ond so
line 16 faith] own faith
line 18 aloof] much aloof
line 20 with] of

Page 31 *chapter II.* The entrance of the main character.
Page 32 *line 4* partly] o.
line 5 stream] current of the stream
line 7 'Master] *Quotation mark from A.; E. omits it.*
Page 33 *line 6* medicine] medicines
Page 34 *line 6* about] about what was
line 16 which] which he knew not
line 17 now] and now
line 21 many] not many
line 23 before] long before
lines 23-25 for . . . back] o.
line 25 small] quite small

Page 35 *chapter III.* Crime, and its detection.
Page 35 *line 18* have passed] pass
Page 37 *line 3* say'] *Closing quots added from A.*
line 9 They] This
Page 38 *line 4* agreed] also agreed
line 11 on] toward
Page 39 *line 1* respecting] *So. A.; E. reads* respect- *only.*

Page 40 *chapter IV.* A story, an alarm, and a disagreeable conclusion.
Page 41 *line 27* were] *So A.; E. reads* where
Page 42 *line 1* her] their
line 16 better] well
line 20 proceeded] began
Page 44 *line 29* expressed] half-expressed

Page 46 *line 23* old] olden
line 24 nothing] nought
line 32 with] by the spectacle of
Page 47 *line 2* wonder] wonder at my feelings
Page 48 *line 13* and agitation] *So A.; E. reads* end agitation

Page 49 *chapter V.* Wrong done—but not so bad as might have been. [*In the Index* not quite *is substituted for* not.]
line 28 steps] step
line 29 usual] *So A.; E. reads* unusual
Page 50 *lines 1-2* be the] *A. misprints* he *for these words.*
line 24 exhilarating] *Ed.; A. and E. read* exhilirating
line 27 the boundless] and boundless
Page 53 *line 7* ended] resulted
line 28 toward] towards
Page 54 *line 6* toward] towards

Page 54 *chapter VI.* One person's wicked hopes blasted, and another's fervent desire gratified.
line 27 had] o.
Page 55 *line 30* remarks] remark
Page 56 *line 9* " continued] *Ed.; A. and E. misprint* " "continued
Page 57 *line 5* without] and without
line 13 bear] o.
Page 58 *line 5* it] it all

Page 59 *chapter VII.* The truth, known to one who might have made many happy by telling it, kept back for revenge.
Page 60 *line 14* towards] toward
Page 61 *line 24* down] *So A.; E. reads* dawn
Page 62 *line 31* blacksmith] murdered one (*a change clearly prompted by an artistic unwillingness to deceive the reader.*)
line 33 hunchback] *So A.; E. reads* huncback
Page 63 *line 1* his] this
line 17 impudent] imprudent
line 29 —and] *So A.; E. reads* end

Page 64 *chapter VIII.* A hasty judgment—a criminal's story —and the people's decision.
line 19 is] *So A.; E. reads* in
Page 66 *line 9* five-and-forty] *The second hyphen, missing in A. and E.; inserted by Ed.*
line 15 punishment] *So A.; E. reads* puishment
line 27 so] *A. Misprints* as
line 33 directions] direction
Page 67 *line 1* all together] *So A.; E. reads* altogether
line 31 common] *So A.; E. reads* commen
Page 68 *line 13* right, and] *So A.; E. reads* right, end
Page 69 *line 6* passionate] passionase and

Page 69 *chapter IX* Summing up of the Case
line 26 lifeless] a lifeless
Page 70 *line 17* as calm] calm
Page 71 *lines 6 and 13*] Closing quots added from A.
line 16 these] *So A.; E. reads* those
Page 72 *lines 16-17* on . . . return] *So A.; E. Prints these words twice.*
line 25 gaining] *So A.; E. reads*] gainining
Page 73 *line 6* on] upon
line 28 superfluous] *So A.; E. reads* surerflous
Page 76 *line 1* his] the
line 2 of] by all
line 4 into] to
line 16 thought] *So A.; E. reads* thounght
Page 90 *line 22* mutiny] *Ed.; A obviously misprints* meeting
line 23 command] *Ed.; A. reads* comand
Page 94 *line 14* pale] *Ed.; following Pelham; A. reads* hale
Page 95 *line 21* by name] *Ed.; A. reads* by-name
Page 96 *line 6* immediately] *misprints* immedittely
line 11 that] *Ed.; A. misprints* that that
Page 102 *line 1* I] *Here A. begins section III.*
Page 103 *line 33* Saunders] *Here A. begins section IV.*
Page 112 *line 9* frolicksome] *Ed.; Rover misprints* frolock-some

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